THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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SHALL WE WRITERS FAIL AGAIN?

A Round-Table Discussion by Max Lerner, James Truslow Adams, John Chamberlain, Allan Nevins, Simeon Strunsky, Norman Angell

"THE YEAR OF DECISION: 1846"
by Bernard DeVoto
Reviewed by Paul I. Wellman

"ART AND FREEDOM"
by Horace M. Kallen
Reviewed by Robert Bierstedt

"MOSCOW MYSTERY"
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"SEARCH FOR A KEY"
by Walter Duranty
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

"SWEET BEULAH LAND"
by Bernice Kelly Harris
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

BERNARD DeVOTO has written a book "good enough to become part of the permanent literature of the nation." (See page 10)

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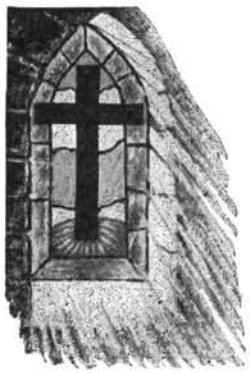

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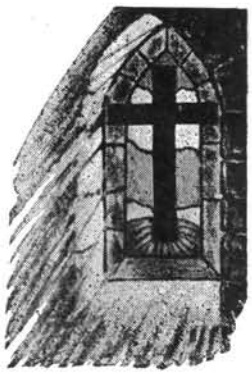

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The Saturday Review of Literature

April 3, 1943

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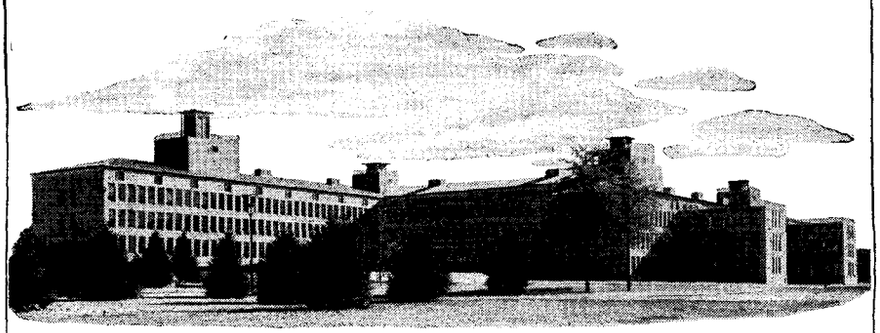

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Shall We Writers Fail Again?

A Round-Table Discussion of Norman Angell's Article

The special number of March 20, 1943 featured the article by Norman Angell entitled "Shall We Writers Fail Again?" in which he pointed out that the generation which has witnessed two world wars in a quarter of a century is the most literate, in the sense of possessing the most reading matter, in all recorded history. Yet this vast quantity of reading matter, he went on to make clear, had not managed to convey the kind of understanding necessary to enable the generation which had witnessed one world war, to avoid a second. Why had our literature been to this extent inefficient, inadequate, or irrelevant to the tragic problem which was shortly to confront us?

Mr. Angell suggested that writers had so emphasized differences as to obscure the extent of real agreement, and had thus added to the confusions of the public mind; had shown a tendency to quarrel over details of proposed international constitutions instead of clarifying the underlying principles which should have been applied in day-to-day policy (so avoiding mistakes like that which prompted the British Parliament and American Congress to refuse ratification in 1919 of the guarantee promised to France by Wilson and Lloyd George), a tendency to oversimplify the function of force in society, and to put the economic recasting of society ahead of political order, although without political order in the international field, economic reform could never be secure.

The editors have invited five writers, all of them students of political science, to comment on Mr. Angell's article. Following this comment, Mr. Angell discusses some points still at issue.

Max Lerner

I FEAR I cannot achieve the assurance with which Sir Norman Angell approaches his subject in his masterly essay. To begin with, I must question the premise of the essay—that it is "we writers" who have failed. That there has been failure somewhere is evident from the present plight of humanity. That the failure must be summed up as the failure to build adequate collective sanctions against aggression is also crystal clear. So far I follow Angell, but not much further.

The common people, says Angell, were confused and failed to accept what should have been self-evident: the oneness of the international community. But why were they confused? Because "we writers" were also confused, because we split hairs about the abstruse and the dogmatic when we should have been fortifying the obvious. From which it would follow, according to Angell, that if "we writers" were to agree on the obvious—as doctors have agreed on the bacterial theory—we could clear up the confused thinking of the common men and women, and their clear thinking in turn would create a concert of nations which would make war impossible.

What my differences sum up to is that I think of man as a more complex political animal than Angell seems to. Man has a sense of greatness and an impulse toward collective action—but those very qualities, which might lead him to seek and achieve security, lead him also to seek aggrandizement and achieve strife. He has a sense of honor, which links him to causes not immediately or obviously his, and leads him to die and kill for intangibles: but those causes and intangibles may turn out to be only the rationalization of some leader's lust for power, or the dying incrustation of a vanishing way of life. He has an inner drive to power which often leads him to wreak his frustrations on life, and at the same time an inertia that makes him watch passively while someone does the same.

IN short, this is not a matter merely of confusion and clarity. Angell seems to be building a world in his own mind after the image of his own essential rationalism. To one who sees the world as reason, error proceeds from bad logic, and failure from faulty exposition and education. That is why Angell's medical analogy seems so pat.

Yet is it? The body politic is not, like the corporeal individual, an anatomy and a physiology to be studied under laboratory conditions, and treated objectively with only the interposition of two minds—that of the doctor and the patient. It is a strange composite of millions of minds alive and of an even greater number dead but still holding sway over us. Who will say that the best minds of history have not been applied to politics to convert it from a fumbling art to a controllable science? Yet if Aristotle's "Politics" still has a modern sound while his physiological treatises have long ago been made archaic, is the fault in those who have succeeded him in both fields or in the inherent subject matter? The better analogy would be not between politics and medicine, but between politics and psychiatry. And if even the mind of one man has proved to be, for all our best knowledge and intentions, a dark territory full of secret recesses and sudden gulfs, how much more so the composite mind of untold millions of men, alive and dead?

—Emblem of the Council on Books in Wartime

This does not mean that I believe war to be inherent in human nature, or any other claptrap of that sort. The impressive evidence gathered in Quincy Wright's "Study of War" should rid us of that notion for good—if evidence avails. But I do mean that to achieve the necessary rationality for avoiding war—by acting in concert before it is too late—requires tearing men up from many of their historical roots that have thus far prevented them from thinking and acting rationally.

I am not one of those who take pleasure in expressing their pessimism. Yet I must in all honesty say that in their collective actions men are poor animals who, for all their vaunting of high intentions and all their brief gallantries toward each other, have thus far found their environment (by which I mean principally their social environment) too much for

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them. They have lifted themselves from their confusion only by spurts.

For men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts . . .

Yet curiously these fits and starts of thinking have come often as a result of war and violence and revolution. Nineteenth century rationalism followed the French Revolution, as eighteenth century rationalism preceded it. Out of these two periods of enlightenment have come many of our plans for world peace and social betterment. For in periods of intense conflict the impact of men's experience is more searing than at any other time, and in them men are not only degraded to the brutal but also lifted to the heroic, in thought and feeling and action. Yet what advances war achieves don't last. After the war is over and the intolerable tensions are eased, a let-down sets in—a return to "normalcy" that we seem to be witnessing now in America.

But I do not want to stress only man's psychic nature. There are also the institutions with which he lives. That is where I think that E. H. Carr and others whom Angell takes to task for talking about class-structure and economics are not quite as wrong as he would have them. I think that Angell goes farther than he needs to in rejecting their economic emphasis, and throws out the valid baby along with the rather soapy bathwater.

He reduces the economic argument to an oversimple statement that poverty leads to war. I agree with him that that was not true of Germany of 1914. But did not the economic collapses suffered by the Weimar Republic (partly due to our own fault, to be sure) make the Germans readier propaganda victims and readier cannon fodder than they would otherwise have been? Hungry and insecure people cannot think, and they become the easy victims of exploitation by the propaganda masters.

Yet the economic emphasis, at its best, does not talk in simple terms of poverty. It talks in terms of political power as conditioned by social power. I agree wholly with Angell that we have too easily taken for granted that political power is subsidiary, that it is result rather than cause. Yet that does not destroy the thesis that class tensions and class drives have a bearing on warmaking.

I do not mean this entirely in rational terms. The possessors of the earth are themselves frightened and insecure men, whose sins are as often those of lack of imagination as of sinister purpose. Yet intention is not absent. For example, my own guess is that the Third World War (if and when it comes) will not arise out of

Max Lerner

depressions. It may arise out of revolutions and civil wars as an aftermath of this war; it may arise out of a failure to resolve the world-stakes of socialist and capitalist powers. Most likely, however, it will take place between economies each of which is running pretty much at peak production.

We have the techniques for setting men to work. An internally healthy regime will, however, set them to work in a peacetime economy, making socially useful products. An economy still in the grip of what Robert Brady has called the "peak associations" of business is likely to balk at the prospect of using government techniques to set men and capital to work as over against private enterprise. That will mean that we are likely to continue armament economies long after the end of the war. That will be true of the Soviet Union for its own reasons, as of the capitalist powers for theirs. And long maintained armament economies are likely, sometime soon, to clash.

Here we are dealing with class institutions, which are presumably the product of conscious social thought. Completing Housman's stanza—

. . . And when they think they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts.

I do not say that Angell is wrong. I agree with him that we must create a structure of collective security, and start creating it now against the next war. But I add that there is no certainty that we will do so, no certainty that the world (and not only the writers) will not again fail. The gulf between *can* and *will* is immense.

And when the writers of the next generation again make an inquest into our failure, let them not forget to reckon with the irrational in our psyche, and the rational, all-too-rational, in our class institutions.

James Truslow Adams

LIKE everything Norman Angell writes, it is extremely interesting and thought-provoking. He presents two theses. I agree with one and not the other. I am in entire agreement, as my own writings have shown, with what he says about "the defensive interdependence of nations" today and the various conclusions he draws from that premise. Although this theme occupies a large portion of his article, his main thesis, judging in part by his title, is "Why we writers have failed" to clarify public opinion with regard to his other theme.

It is true that "we," or they, have so failed, but why should he single out writers as especially blameworthy? He admits that scientists, politicians, and educators have failed but his vial of wrath is poured out only on writers. Why should writers be expected to be supermen? He complains of the "confusion" caused in the public mind by their differing statements and opinions, but why should they all be expected to have the same and the right ones, which Sir Norman would naturally consider would be his own? They happen also to be mine, but they might quite honestly not be those of some others.

For example, Sir Norman mentions the rape of Abyssinia as one of the moments when writers should have spoken out. I did,—in London in conversation six weeks before Mussolini moved, with one of the highest ranking members of the then British Cabinet who assured me that nothing would come of it and that the Italians would not go in in force, and that there would be nothing but a face-saving rectification of a boundary long in legitimate dispute! So what? My experience as a very unimportant member of the American Peace Delegation in Paris 1918-19 made me realize the importance of time in a post-war settlement. It became apparent in a few months that if something were not settled soon there would—amidst the agonies, starvation, epidemics, and revolutions of the peoples—be nothing left to settle. So I cannot follow Hoover in his talk about a breathing spell of several years, after an armistice, to plan a new world. I cannot see employment if business men are not to know for years what sort of world they will work in. Am *I* to agree with Hoover or *he* with me in order to write unanimously and avoid "confusion" in the public mind? It is true that Sir Norman speaks of fundamental principles and not of details of blueprints, but even so there may be honest differ-

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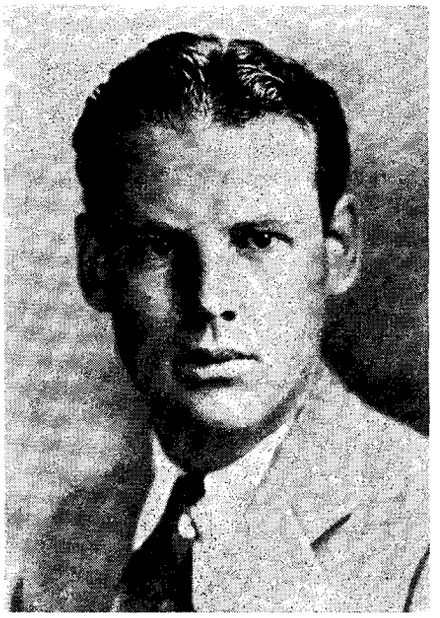
ences. In a totalitarian state you can get unanimity in the press, the oneness of death, but how are free men, honestly differing, to be made unanimous?

Even the most forward-looking and imaginative writers may be wrong. I think it was only a few years before 1914 that H. G. Wells wrote that probably by 1950 airplanes would be used in war! Jules Verne, the idol of my childhood, might have led us all to believe in the submarine and "Around the World in 80 Days," but nobody yet has made his journeys to the center of the earth or to the moon.

As I said, I happen to agree with Sir Norman's prescription for what the world needs; I agree also that writers should take their responsibility seriously; but I do not agree that all writers should sing Sir Norman's and, spoken humbly, my own, formula in unison or that they are derelict in their duty if they do not. It behooves us all, as Cromwell said, to "remember by the bowels of Christ that you may be mistaken." I do not think we are, but we are fighting for freedom of speech and of the spirit, and I see no way to make all writers write alike. I think we are facing the greatest crisis civilization has ever faced, and unfortunately there are no supermen, not even among writers.



John Chamberlain

John Chamberlain

WHAT Mr. Angell is saying, in effect, is that it would be nice if everybody could agree. I think so, too.

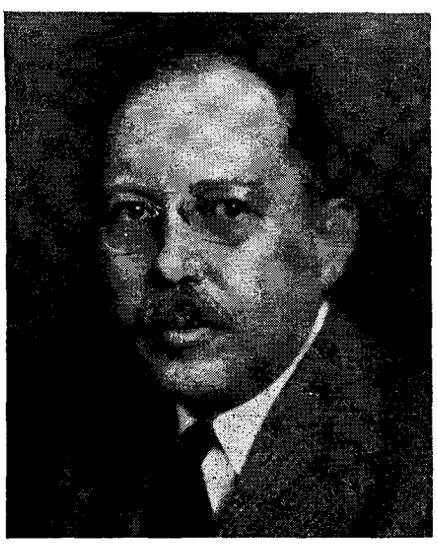
But to say that "collective security" is a deterrent to war is like saying that white is white. Collective security could indeed prevent war, but, unfortunately, world wars don't start until collective security has broken down. Mr. Angell's theory prevents him from analyzing history, it even keeps him from understanding it.

I can't argue against Mr. Angell's desires, which are noble. But let me submit a logical sequence of ideas, and see where it leads us:

1. Collective security depends on a common will to defend the peace.

2. This means that the various nations must pursue policies that do not clash.

3. Willingness to pursue such policies presupposes nations or peoples which are agreed on what they want out of life. There must be a common morality, a common attitude toward rights, including the right to private property. At the very minimum there must be a "live-and-let-live" attitude in every nation. Collective security cannot be had if a divergence of desires provokes a new balance of antagonistic forces, even when those forces are nominally all part of a league, or an association of nations, or a concert of the powers, or whatever.



James Truslow Adams

4. The world, at the moment, is divided in its attitudes toward all the assumptions which have made England and the United States both free and great. The people of some nations still believe in inalienable rights ("life, liberty and property"); the people of other nations do not. The non-right philosophies, being founded in a worship of force, insist on the revolutionary duty to agitate across national borders for a change in structure and aim. This present war has two causes: (1), the failure of the 1848-ers to win in central Europe, and (2), the failure of Miluikov and Kerensky to build a Russian liberal government on the institutions of freedom and private property. Collective security cannot exist in a revolutionary world. For the revolution will provoke international war in the act of provoking civil war. The doctrine that the State is superior to the individual must always lead to revolutionary world conflict, regardless of "peace systems," or leagues, or whatever.

5. The problem, then, comes down to questions of individual belief, and domestic government. Sir Norman to the contrary notwithstanding, we *had* the international machinery for collective security in the Twenties and the Thirties. Germany, Italy, Japan, and Russia all belonged to the League of Nations at one time or another. The United States remained formally aloof, but in reality it joined the League system by the back alley of the Kellogg Pact. The machinery failed because the Russians persisted in stirring up trouble via the Comintern on the one hand, while they asked for peace on the other. The machinery failed because Britain, at the time of the Manchurian crisis and subsequently, was spending her time and energy combatting depression at home, rehousing a population, and worrying about the inability of free trade ideas to take universal root. The machinery failed because civil strife in France flared at precisely the time when civil uniformity in Germany was brutally enforced by Hitler. It failed because Japan was beyond the physical reach of Anglo-American naval power, and because China was not ready to fight. It failed because the United States was more interested in battling for or against the New Deal than it was in thinking about any foreign policy, good or bad. Deplorable things, all of these, but most of them arising out of the irrepressible urge of human beings to struggle and grow and change. You can't stop such an urge by conventions adopted at Geneva.

I am not against trying to establish a peace system. I am merely against putting my trust in a verbal fetish. I am convinced that the world will be consumed by wars arising out of revolutionary differences until the principles of John Locke—*i.e.*, the inalienable rights of individuals to life, liberty, and property (upon which triad the "pursuit of happiness" depends)—are rediscovered in every nation that is strong enough to make a difference in the international scales.

If you can't have a common world morality built on the individual, better, I say, to maintain armaments and alliances against the most likely enemy or group of enemies. If you can

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get a common world morality built on the individual, you won't have to worry about a peace system, for you will either have peace, or the relative harmlessness of limited war.

This is long, and I doubt that anyone will understand what I'm talking about. But I am bothered by the fact that the two worst wars of modern times—*i.e.,* the Napoleonic and the present Ludendorff-Hitler cycle—burst upon worlds that *had* collective security systems. (The eighteenth century had its "law of nations" security system; the nineteenth believed in the "concert of Europe," and we, of the early twentieth, had the League of Nations idea.) It's begging the question to say that our past efforts at collective security were half-hearted, that we really didn't believe in them. The question is: *Why* were they half-hearted? That gets us back into all sorts of obscure questions. Why did Robespierre, fighting for liberty, plunge the world into hell? Did the Kaiser start World War I because he wanted to "aggress," or did he fear the rising power of German Social Democracy? The internal problems of the nations have their external effects; and vice versa. To avoid war, you must be able to avoid the internal stresses that force external breaks. But how do that from an external position without producing the very war you are trying to avoid? I don't quarrel with Sir Norman's intentions. All I say is that he's very simple-minded about a problem which will be worrying our great-grandchildren, who will still be seeking the answer.

Allan Nevins

WHILE the general tenor of Sir Norman Angell's forcible article is admirable, I believe that several reservations or qualifications ought to be stated:

First, he exaggerates both the powers and the culpability of the writers whom he addresses. It is true that mankind is growing literate and that ten thousand books have been written on the cause and prevention of war. But the skilled, informed, public-spirited writers still can reach but a tiny fraction of mankind. A book by Frank Denna Fleming on the League or Ralph Barton Perry on ways to peace does well if it sells five thousand copies. Meanwhile the McCormick-Patterson press, the Hearst press, and the Rothermere press each sell millions of copies *daily;* the radio gives larger audiences to the Lindberghs and Coughlins than to their opponents; the Burt Wheelers and Sir John Simons have their ways of playing on public sentiment. The expert writers can do something; but they have not the mighty power alleged by Sir Norman.

Second, Sir Norman (if I grasp his meaning aright) urges writers to stop dealing with refinements of international affairs; stop harping on economic roots of international dissenion; stop debating the elaborate complexities of various plans for peace; and concentrate upon a single broad principle, the need for collective action against aggression. If they drive this home, he says in effect, the battle will be won. This is impracticable counsel. Whether for good or ill, writers are going to treat the international arrangements of the future as an arena for wide-ranging discussion. Their debates are sure to be animated and complicated. They will regard the subject as one for controversy as well as for crusading. And it is certain that this attitude is right as well as natural. War does have its economic roots (among others), and they are not to be dismissed by dismissing (as Sir Norman does) the more exaggerated statements about them. World organization will offer many complex problems; it is sane and wholesome to face some of them in advance. The simplification of the writers' effort for which Sir Norman asks is certainly impossible, and assuredly undesirable.

Third, I should say that what writers need most to do is to awaken to a two-fold duty. Realizing that they are at best none too powerful, they should resolve, as they see our best blood being spilled like water, to fight hard for a better world—to fight early and late, fight like men possessed, fight as Tom Paine and Hinton Rowan Helper and Henry George fought before them, with all their eloquence, their information, and their logic. Second, while not abating their discussion of the many complexities of the problem, economic, political, and social, they should strive to awaken their readers to both a realistic and a heroic mood: to the fact that self-interest under modern conditions makes an effective world organization absolutely imperative, and to the fact that America has a duty now, no less than in Washington's and in Lincoln's day, to seize the spiritual leadership of mankind—to lead the masses of the world out of their misery into a brighter and humaner era.

Simeon Strunsky

IN the space of a couple of thousand words Sir Norman Angell has written the story of twenty years of wrong thinking and wrong-headed thinking in our English-speaking world. Nowhere do I recall so complete a summary of the tragic parade of empty or angry phrases which began the day after publication of the text of the Versailles treaty. It began with bitter editorials about a Carthaginian Peace. Very soon after came J. Maynard Keynes's famous bamboozled President, and then with the years the procession moved on through a Balkanized Europe, and the satellite nations of central Europe tied to the chariot of French hegemony, and the 200 Families that ruled France and our own Merchants of Death, up to the very day when Hitler marched into Poland and relegated all our formulas and grouches to the rubbish heap. They had served his purpose well, as Sir Norman points out, by disrupting the unity of the victors of Versailles who happened to be the great Western democracies. To the clash and confusion of ideas which helped to bring on a second world war we in the newspaper profession made a handsome contribution.

What assurance is there that the writing profession will not fail again after this war? There would be very little hope indeed if our sins after 1918 were entirely the sins of bad thinking. Short of a volcanic lift in the general level of intelligence among journalists and authors there is no reason to expect that we shall be perceptibly sounder thinkers in 1945 than we were between 1919 and 1939. But the future does look a bit better if we recall that the confusion of ideas after the last war was not wholly a case of inferior thinking. Much of the trouble rests with the thing I have called wrong-headed thinking. We sinned not only in logic but in values.

Sir Norman compares our quarrels over the causes and prevention of war with the quarrels of doctors over new ideas in the art of healing. In the history of medicine, he says, deadly battles have been fought and murderous passions unloosed. But we must remember that the people whom doctors have sometimes been tempted to murder were other doctors. Doctors have been a unit in making their sole aim the cure of sick people. Rival schools of medicine have fought bitterly but their common goal has been the conquest of disease.

Are we sure that in the clash of opinion about war and peace after 1918 every one of us gave his sole and undivided allegiance to the elimination of war?

One day in the latter part of March, 1919, and shortly after my return from

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Paris where I had spent several months during the earlier phases of the peace conference, I found myself reading, as part of the day's work, a long communication to the editor of an outstanding liberal journal from one of its regular contributors. The writer was a brilliant journalist with a distinguished record of social and civic service, and, as the letter showed and he explicitly described himself, of strong liberal views. He took his own editor severely to task for lending his support to the Covenant of the League of Nations and particularly to the famous Article 10. This was the article which obligated League members to defend the independence and territorial integrity of fellow members of the League against aggression.

To the writer of the letter the proposed Article 10 was nothing less than a crime against a brave new world then striving to be born out of the agonies of the great war. Article 10 would put our world into a straitjacket. That particular word does not occur in the letter though it was soon to become a very familiar battle cry in the great controversy: a straitjacketed world!

What the writer did say was this: "Hereafter in Europe, with the Romanoffs gone, with the Hohenzollern gone, with the Hapsburgs gone, the side of democracy is the side of stir, and the side of anti-democracy is the side of status."

He went on to put his case in very concrete terms. Suppose a reactionary government is set up in Poland under Paderewski. Suppose this Tory regime is confronted by a revolt "of peasants and workingmen under Pilsudski."

Suppose this proletarian uprising hangs on the brink of failure when "the Socialist government of Russia"—at that time headed by Lenin—sends in an army to help the Polish Socialists. Such a Russian move "would be more than natural. It would be inevitable." Yet it would undeniably be an act of aggression by Russia against Poland. Under Article 10, "we should see American soldiers fighting for Polish landlords against Russian land dividers."

The letter closes on a note of high eloquence: "I submit that the first sentence of Article 10 is a surrender to Tories. I submit that the world has not yet arrived at the end of its possible growth. Article 10 is a sentence of death on possible liberal growth in the future."

This writer was saying plainly that if a ban on war should hamper the forward march of "Liberalism" he did not want to suppress war. Sir Norman cites among the rival doctors of confusion after the last war those who were convinced that capitalism is the cause of war, and the first job was to get rid of capitalism. But a good many of the doctors were primarily interested in getting rid of capitalism, and if war helped to end capitalism, why. . . .

Norman Angell

ONE verbal point seems to have caused some confusion: by "writer," I meant not merely writers of books but the authors of all the vast outpouring of print in books, reviews, magazines, newspapers, the daily comments of the editorialists and columnists. I thought the context made this clear.

Some of the criticism I find difficult to follow. Thus Mr. John Chamberlain argues that "collective security could indeed prevent war"; that "we had the machinery of collective action in the twenties and thirties in the shape of the League," and that that machinery failed, the failure being proof that mere "conventions adopted at Geneva" are not of themselves sufficient. He develops this theme at length and presents it as destructive of my position.

Here I am truly mystified, for it was precisely one of the points most emphasized in my original article, the point, namely, that constitutions and blue prints of future Utopias ("plentiful as blackberries in September," as I expressed it) were of themselves futile, and could only grow into political realities by the day-to-day development of foreign policies in the right direction, which development depended upon certain understandings necessary to good political judgment on the part of the public. My suggestion was that in the formation and guidance of that judgment (which after the last war expressed itself in the destruction of Wilson, in Hardingism, and later in Neutrality and Johnson Acts, in Senatorial chasing of bankers and armament makers as the true cause of war . . .) the daily flood of printed commentary and elucidation had not on the whole been very helpful.

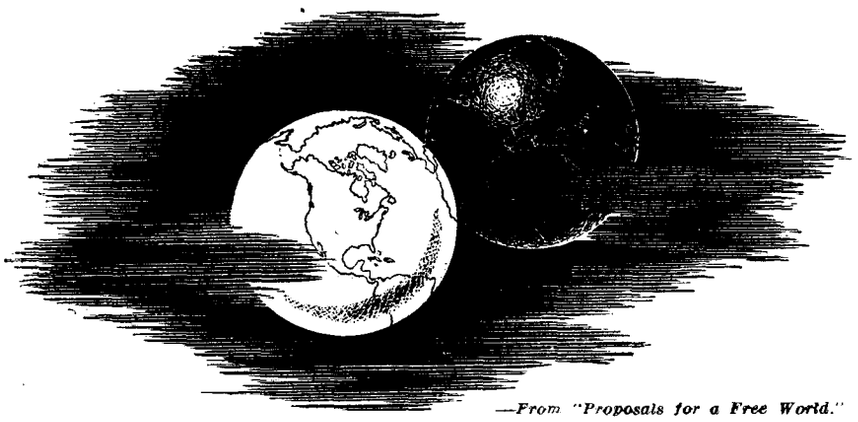
Upon the character of such writing, much more than upon constitutional blueprints, would depend, I insisted, the development of international policies which alone can prevent a third world war.

This point, that Utopian plans will not operate of themselves, and are no panacea, was not a minor or incidental item in my article; considerably over half was devoted to its development. Which does not prevent Mr. Chamberlain from dissenting because (he says) I am putting my trust in a verbal fetish, am hoping to stop the urges of human nature by conventions adopted at Geneva; am so blinded by a theory that I do not analyze history, and indeed fail to understand it; adding that though my intentions are doubtless good and my desires "noble," I am very simple-minded about the whole thing.

I call attention to the terms of this dissent (including the personal courtesies) because in my original article I suggested that during the inter-war years part of the confusion of the public on the subject of international policy was due to the dissensions among the writers, the tendency to emphasize divergencies instead of agreements, setting up the impression in the minds of laymen that all the doctors were in hopeless conflict. I suggested that the differences were often unreal, that "the noise which the doctors make quarreling over their disagreements obscures for the common man the very important things about which in fact the doctors agree. They are to blame that those agreements do not emerge more, and the disagreements less."

I hardly expected to find the point illustrated as it has been by Mr. Chamberlain in the discussion about the article itself.

To say that the common interest in security cannot be operative as between the political groups we call nations, until those groups have a common morality, "a common attitude towards right, including the right to private property," is in conflict not merely with the experience of rival political groups within nations; it is in conflict with what is actually taking



—From "Proposals for a Free World."

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place at this moment as between nations. Russia has, of all nations, least in common with Britain in the philosophy of the state and the individual and of private property. Yet the two nations are fighting today as allies in common resistance to aggression. Both evidently feel that that association can outlast the war since they have just concluded a twenty-year Mutual Assistance Treaty. Assistance to what end? To defend capitalism, or socialism, or private property, or communism? None of these things, but to defend peace, which is the common interest of both. In political and social ideologies it is likely that the German and Russian scales of value more nearly coincide than do the British and the Russian scales. Yet Germany and Russia are enemies, and Russia and Britain allies.

—*St. Louis Star-Times*

A Platform Needs Steps

WHETHER international policy is to be shaped by this principle that the common interest of security, peace, overrides those other differences about socialism, capitalism, what not, will depend far less upon the absence of conflicting material interest than upon the political insight and judgment of the ordinary citizen, the kind of judgment which enables him to see what his interest really is. It would not have been in conflict with British and American interest to have given France the guarantees for which she asked in 1919. The security of France is—we all now admit—indispensable to the security of Britain; the security of Britain, in its turn, indispensable to that of the United States. We see it now but were blind to it in 1919. Yet the basic common interest was as much a fact in 1919 as in 1939. A few back in 1919 proclaimed it, and many at the beginning of 1939 still denied it. The fact of common interest will never guide men until they see it as a fact. Facts do not determine policy; men's opinions about the facts determine it. And opinion depends upon interpretation. Which is where we writers come in. In facing the question whether we have done what we might to clarify the interpretation of the facts, to make plain, for instance, this "defensive interdependence," now so obvious, recall for a moment the content of most popular—and some academic—political literature in the two decades which followed the last war. The support of an obstinate isolationism by quite eminent historians; constant support by a whole host of popular writers of the view that America had been victim of a vast swindle in entering the last war; of the view that the defeat of Germany served no American interest except that of bankers and bond-holders; that all war is the result of capitalist pressure groups promoting their predatory interests; that armaments serve only the interests of the merchants of death; that the country was tricked by astute British propaganda, and that any move of Britain for closer coöperation with the United States was suspect; ("England Expects Every American to do his Duty"); the prevalence of pacifism throughout the church world, the commentaries on the senatorial armaments investigations; the Neutrality and Johnson Acts. This constitutes a systematic buildup of a state of mind utterly inimical to the development of any policy of international security.

Have we *no* responsibility for that state of mind? What are we to do about it? Console ourselves—reflecting that our great-grandchildren will still be worrying over the same problem and still failing to find an answer? I find it cold comfort.

Or shall we take stock afresh, assume that we have not done all that we might, and, on the basis of experience—experience of relative failure—try to see how we might narrow the gap between the facts and the public's opinion of the facts?

Of course the problem is complex. That is precisely why it is so important to clarify it, reduce it to some sort of order. Mr. Max Lerner, in a contribution which I find especially interesting and useful, includes a criticism of my own approach which I have had to face for forty years. "Angell seems to think," goes this common criticism, "that men are guided by reason." He thinks nothing of the sort, but, on the contrary, is firmly convinced that most of the time reason is the last thing which guides the conduct of men. That is precisely why he thinks it so important to preserve reason. The flame is so easily blown out that we should be vigilant in guarding it. We are moved by all sorts of urges, impulses, animosities, most of which are destructive. So be it. What are we to do? Allow these forces to destroy us? Men are not such worms. We must understand the nature of those irrational forces. How can we do so without reason? Only by reason can we find out how to overcome the unreasonable within us.

Also, all my life I have been accused of oversimplification. Yet on looking back I see that most of my activities have been directed at trying to correct oversimplifications in the public mind. To get clear thinking at all in an acquisitive world, it was necessary to labor such obviousness as that when a nation conquered territory it did not necessarily add to its wealth, since for the most part the owners were taken over with the wealth; that governing was not the same as owning; that you could not make a nation pay reparations or debts in "money but not in goods," that while you might not be able to "change human nature" (whatever that may mean), you can certainly change human behavior, which is what matters; that to say "peace systems are no good because man is naturally quarrelsome" is to turn things upside down since peace systems are necessary precisely because man is naturally so quarrelsome; that the purpose of collective action against aggression is not to coerce nations (as theologians and other learned folk argued for so many years) but to prevent them being coerced by neighbors; that "force," employed to make law and reason possible cannot be put on the same plane as that used to make those things impossible; that "absolute and complete freedom for all" must necessarily mean very little freedom for anybody; that the demand for "absolute independence" is, in our world, an anti-social demand. . . .

On such points the public certainly oversimplified things; and the only way to correct the oversimplification was by clarification, even if the clarification did run the risk of oversimplification of another kind. "For truth," as Francis Bacon puts it, "comes out of error more easily than out of confusion." Perhaps some of the more learned among us might take to heart the remark once made to me by a student in a Germany university. "My professor," he said, "is a very learned man; very learned. He can take the simplest problem in the world and in fifteen minutes make it completely incomprehensible and quite insoluble."

Since the average busy citizen cannot in the nature of things acquire all the knowledge in this—or any—field, it is surely part of our job to search unceasingly to determine which knowledge is of most worth in the problems of most import; to help him to put first things first.

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The Dynamic Fragment

THE YEAR OF DECISION: 1846. By Bernard DeVoto. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1943. 538 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

IT has pleased Mr. DeVoto to call his book "The Year of Decision: 1846." Perhaps it is as good a title as he could have selected. Perhaps it is even as full a title as might have been conjectured.

But certainly, although as the author manifestly intended, the year 1846 stands forth as the "central character," so to speak, of his drama, the scope of this magnificent volume far transcends any mere record of a year of history—significant as that year may be.

Mr. DeVoto is more than a historian. As he says, this phase of our history has been broken up into parts by the historians, and studied. And not put together. His contribution, modestly put, is in making clear the national orientation of these scattered pieces.

To do this he has with remarkable success recreated an era, a national frame of mind, a racial stage in culture, one of those great turning points in history where decisions are made—not so much by will or logic, but as if they were born involuntarily of the pregnant hour when instincts and events combine even more inexorably than ideas to produce inevitable outcomes.

Reading this book you cannot fail to gain a new conception of America as it was in the Forties—and through that conception, of America as it has been since, is now, and forever shall be.

DeVoto writes his history in the terms of social forces, world and continental backgrounds, the yeasty urge of races, and above all in the terms of people, both groups and individuals. Continually he weaves and counterweaves the threads of destinies of persons in his brilliant pattern. For example there were in Sangamon County, Illinois, three men who had been messmates in the Blackhawk war. One was a surveyor named Jim Clyman. The second was a farmer named James Frazier Reed. The third was a lawyer named A. Lincoln, preparing to run for Congress. They depart their various ways—Clyman to become a Mountain Man, Reed to have an indescribably macabre adventure as a member of the Donner Party, and Lincoln on his road to the White House and martyrdom. But their trails continuously interlace in the narrative.

This is but an example of a remarkable achievement in the handling and bringing to the ordered attention of the readers a plethora of dramatis personae.

"The Year of Decision" opens with the United States at crisis—faced with possibility of war with both Mexico and England, while at the same time driven by expansionist fever to extend over into the territories to the West in spite of every threat and danger. James K. Polk is the president—single-minded and fanatical in the purpose of acquiring that West.

"Manifest Destiny"—the cosmic phrase coined by the Democratic editor John L. O'Sullivan—is the watchword of the era. The phrase becomes a battle flag. Under it Polk jockeys Britain into unwilling relinquishment of the Oregon Territory, and sets up the events which lead inevitably to war with Mexico.

Even before that war begins, however, the flood of emigration has burst its dam and is in spate. Toward Oregon and California surge the long caravans of white-topped wagons. The Mormons begin their heart-breaking hegira to the desert for the sake of peace, and the Donners start across the country to their horrible rendezvous with cannibalism in the Sierra passes. A young man named Francis Parkman is out in the Wyoming plains with the Sioux Indians, getting material for his epochal histories of the French and Indian wars—and missing the great significance of the movement he is witnessing because of his Boston snobbery.

Down by the Rio Grande, Mexicans finally attack Zachary Taylor's cavalry and the war is on. Taylor marches and fights, Kearny drives toward New Mexico and California, Doniphan makes his impossible anabasis to Chihuahua, Fremont stages his opera bouffe "Bear Flag Revolt" in California, and from the port of Vera Cruz Winfield Scott, in spite of politics and inefficiency at Washington and elsewhere, fights and wins the main phase of the war which settles the question of the possession of a third of the present United States territory.

Out of all this Mr. DeVoto has provided his readers with an inescapable impression of vast, cosmic movement. The American race is fermenting, stirring, boiling over. Its emigration seems as blind almost as the inexplicable flight of the lemmings which run down in their thousands to drown in the seas. Fortunately the Americans had the West to go to, and they went. In almost that one year of 1846—although Mr. DeVoto takes us on for a way into 1847 also—they wrought many and great changes. The continent was occupied, the danger of foreign invasion was ended, the decisive issue of slavery was brought to the fore in such manner that the Civil War was an inevitable sequel.

—From a section of the mural by Ward Lockwood

In avoiding the pitfalls of confusion and irrelevancy which such a mammoth subject presents, Mr. De Voto has been singularly successful. He keeps his narrative chronological, and that narrative is frequently filled with great moments. To this reader the chapters on the Mormon migration, the Donner tragedy, and the march of Doniphan's stark Missourians are the highlights of the book. But that is a matter of opinion.

Perhaps, after all, the finest achievements are Mr. DeVoto's portraits of people in his drama. President Polk, the single-minded fanatic of expansionism; Thomas Hart Benton, the prophet of the West's future; Francis Parkman, who missed his greatest historian's opportunity; John Charles Fremont, the flamboyant poseur; Jim Clyman, the stark mountain man; Zachary Taylor, fighting his war with an eye on the presidency; Brigham Young, taking the desperate gamble on which he risked the lives of all his people, in order to bring them peace in the desert—these and scores of others come to life on DeVoto's pages.

"The Year of Decision: 1846," is Bernard DeVoto's best book to date. And that makes it good enough to become a part of the permanent literature of the nation, and perhaps to mark an apogee in an historical method frequently tried but rarely with such effectiveness as this.

Paul I. Wellman is editorial writer on the Kansas City Star. *His most recent book is "Angel with Spurs."*

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A Harvest of Wisdom

ART AND FREEDOM. By Horace M. Kallen. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.. 1942. Two vols. 1006 pp., with index. $6.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

IT is sometimes fortunate that our language does contain adjectives of superlative degree. For once in a while a book comes along which deserves them. The present study by Horace Kallen, professor of philosophy at the New School for Social Research, is such a book. Having labored on it during the entire period between the two wars, he now gives us the harvest of his ripe wisdom in what is beyond any reasonable doubt the best book of its kind ever published.

The thousand pages in these two volumes detail what the author calls in his sub-title "a historical and biographical interpretation of the relations between the ideas of beauty, use, and freedom in Western civilization from the Greeks to the present day." The book succeeds in doing all of that and also, in a sense, in doing for art what Andrew D. White did for science more than a generation ago. For Mr. Kallen has discussed the warfare between art and authority in terms of a historical quest for the meaning of beauty. He firmly believes and amply demonstrates that of all human enterprises art can most effectively challenge totalitarian authority and totalitarian values, whether they be political or ecclesiastical. This art can do with laughter as well as with passion.

While Mr. Kallen's manner is interpretative and his interest philosophical, his method is historical. Beginning with Plato and Aristotle he discusses in turn all the figures in our tradition who have had anything to say about art, including the classical Roman writers, the neo-Platonists, the patristics, the scholastics, the men of the Renaissance, and the men of the eighteenth century, on up to the birth of a separate discipline called esthetics in the era of the industrial revolution. In the nineteenth century the treatment properly becomes more detailed, and the next four books deal first with the marriage of beauty to freedom in romanticism, the role of art in the workingman's struggles for liberty a little later in the century, the period which focusses upon the hegemony of Ruskin in the art world of Europe and which ends with the *reductio ad absurdum* of Oscar Wilde, and then the impact of the Darwinian insight upon the arts. In the following books the story continues with newer influences, scientific psychology and the new studies of motion which the electrically-controlled camera made possible. In the succeeding book, the cinema, cubism, and the mathematical logic of Bertrand Russell are shown to have artistic elements in common. Enter next psychoanalysis and Freudian psychology, the disillusionment of the post-war period, and the "swing" manifestation of surrealism. The penultimate book turns political and discusses the relation of art to totalitarian theories and practices, notably in Russia, Germany, and Italy, and also its relation to a free society in the days of the Great Depression when federal theaters, federal symphonies, and federal writers' projects injected new vigor into the artistic life of the people. In this connection there is special praise for the first head of a state to declare the liberty of the artist in a public pronouncement.

Horace M. Kallen

Although these pages are filled with the names of philosophers and artists, it would be false to label the book either a history of philosophy or a history of art. It is both, and neither. It is a history of the philosophy of art, but not even that in a traditional sense. It might most appropriately be called a history of ideas, particularly of the ideas of beauty, use, and freedom. With the "stereotypy of the philosophic cults" and with that rather barren sort of philosophy which goes by the name of esthetics, Mr. Kallen has little or nothing to do. He is much more interested in what art means to men than in what it means to philosophers, although all of the traditional esthetic theories are given their just treatment. He concludes his study with a "metaphysical reprise," a summing up which is the most thoughtful essay on the philosophy of art and the esthetic experience yet to distinguish the intellectual history of our own century. It is a pragmatic account of the nature of art, a strong defense of the *"de gustibus non disputandum est"* maxim and of Montaigne's *"Chacun à son gout,"* and a clearly reasoned promulgation of the author's own conviction that the true nature of beauty must be found in the category of relations and not in the category of things. Whatever powers there be that liberate the human spirit, whether they be powers of pattern and order or of disorder and confusion, beauty is the relationship between those powers and ourselves. The fact that beauty finds its meaning in a relationship of use makes of it a pragmatic theory, and one so cleanly articulated and so well developed that its author's name must be added to the list of the great American pragmatists.

But more than this, the book in its entirety is a defense of the fundamental and inalienable right of men to be different from one another while living with one another. The artist has a role to play in the enterprise of freedom, for the artist who is true to his being must of necessity be free. The book is thus a defense of the freedom of art, of individualism in art, and of the personal use of art, and an attack, powerful in its erudition, upon all values imposed from without. Let no artist lie on Procrustean beds, especially those manufactured by politicians and priests. When he does so he renounces his artistic heritage.

"Art and Freedom" is a tremendously learned book, but Mr. Kallen wears his learning lightly, and no academic dust disfigures the countenance of his pages nor afflicts the nostrils of his reader. There are a few footnotes, but they are hidden away at the end of the second volume. "Art and Freedom" is in no sense a reference book, but a book to read, to enjoy, and to study. In sum it may be called an intellectual history with special relevance to the arts and to the artistic enterprise. With the history of Western civilization as his text, Mr. Kallen has this above all to teach, that beauty is a relation whose consequence is use and whose consummation is freedom. Brilliantly conceived and beautifully written, profound as well as humane, it is a classic book, an altogether excellent book.

Award Winner

Dodd, Mead & Company announce the award of their thousand dollar war novel prize to John Lodwick for his story of the battle of France being published under the title of "Running to Paradise." Lodwick was the only Englishman to fight with the French from the beginning of the Battle of France.

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The Keenness of Walter Duranty

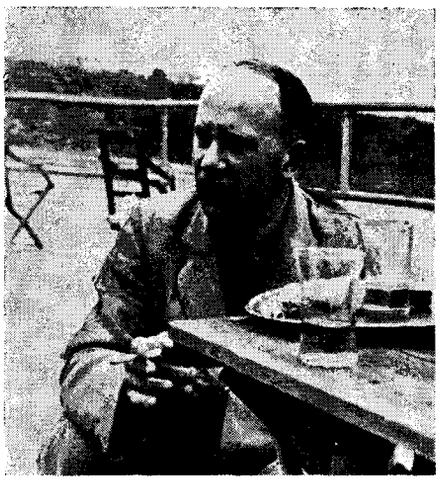
SEARCH FOR A KEY. Walter Duranty. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 321 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

WALTER DURANTY is always interesting; he couldn't be otherwise. Often he is exciting. Invariably he is provocative. Sometimes he is irritating, and occasionally he should be questioned; not on his facts but his conclusions. He has an enormously quick and observant and questing and omniverous mind, but in the way that mind digests what it feeds upon, there is now and again, and too much, a trace of rapid swallowing, also, at moments, a curious atmosphere of evasion, of haste, as if this mind were a trifle weary and overloaded. Impatient of repeating to itself and others what it has known for so long and repeated so often. Willing to take the easiest way out and let it go at that. In short, as if this mind, except when greatly moved, refused at the last moment the grim and bitter and dogged final analysis, plus emotion, which is the pursuit of truth.

And this is a pity, for in a large and thickly populated world where most people are anonymous and few have anything they really want, and still less are capable of saying what they think or "writing as they please," Walter Duranty has a great deal, and now that he has turned from journalism to novel writing, a head-start of many miles. He is already distinguished; what he thinks and says is already important; he has a vast storehouse to call upon; and when he chooses, he not only can write with a pencil shaped like a sword but cerebrate with equal keenness; indeed, with a shining keenness. He is too important not to be important, and he should remember that of all forms of writing, the novel calls more for grim and bitter and dogged final analysis, and in all its details, than any other. He has plenty of "keys" to open many doors if he will use them.

In this last book of his these virtues and faults are patent. It is the story of an Englishman, Oliver Joby, from early boyhood when the simultaneous death of his parents in an accident left him an orphan, through Harrow and Cambridge, and then up and down pre-First World War Europe, and First World War Europe to the edge of the present catastrophe. There is also the Far East and China, and a great deal, naturally, about Russia. And there are many people and events, and this young Englishman, eventually coming to his forties, has especial opportunities to meet people, the great and near-great, and not great at all, and to see behind the scene, and to be present on occasions, for presently he becomes a foreign correspondent. "Search for a Key," is in other words, autobiographical; Oliver Joby is Walter Duranty, but just how much so no one but the author knows. And, as has been said, Oliver Joby, or Walter Duranty, is consistently interesting and



Walter Duranty "can write with a pencil shaped like a sword."

most of the time exciting; interesting and exciting in what he does, what he sees, and what he thinks. But somehow or other the book does not quite add up; there are plenty of 2s but the final equation, the 4, is not altogether there. And you wonder why. The 2s are perfect.

But, and for the third time, let me repeat that "Search for a Key" is the best sort of reading. You do not want to put it down and you have to finish it. And that, I suppose, is about as high a general compliment as can be paid a piece of writing. You are eager to follow the career of Oliver Joby to the end; the only trouble is that when you get to that end, you haven't cared enough about Oliver Joby. He seems a curiously cold, half realized hero. You are much more moved by some of the other characters; by Henri, the "pale triangular" faced murderer and thug of Marseilles, just back from enforced service in the "Bat'd'Af'," or Bataillon d'Afrique, or by the beautifully described Russian girl, Mariusha, Marie Lvovna, the heroine. You are even more moved by Clifford Hawtrey, the tired and lonely old Englishman of Saint-Tropez, who taught Oliver Joby the use of opium when he was suffering unbearable pain from an accident to his hip, and thereby enabled Walter Duranty to write one of the best descriptions of the poppy drug in existence. Clifford Hawtrey is finished off in a few lines, but there is texture there and a big sense of a story untold. And you are consistently moved, of course, by the real protagonist, Europe, and Asia, moving toward their dreadful destiny.

I don't altogether know why this is so—the 2s so nearly making 4, but not quite. Perhaps the book is too short; the frame too big for the canvas, or, rather, the canvas too big for the frame. You can't cover so much ground, forty years or so of Europe and Asia, forty years or so of a thoughtful young man's life, in only 313 pages. But perhaps, again, that is a compliment. Not many books suffer from the virtuous vice of too much brevity. Perhaps it is because Walter Duranty has not yet altogether shaken off the trained objectivity of the newspaperman; not so objective after all, since Hitler and a few definite evils have made their appearance in the world. But the real trouble, I think, lies in Walter Duranty's openly expressed fear and distrust of emotion; he says "I have always been shy of feelings, as false beacons that lead men astray." Well, you can't be that way; at least an artist can't. A novelist can't. Perhaps a foreign correspondent can, but not a novelist. A novelist has to stick his neck out and take chances. He has to be utterly un-selfconscious.

Soldier

By Sergeant J. P. Wright

AN arrow brought me low at Agincourt;
At Crecy field the Normans found me dead.
I, the young man who fell at Marston Moor,
Riding with Charles to glory, so they said.
A humble man, down through the years I shed
My blood in every war. Did I not die
At Somme and Dunkirk? Do not ask me why.
I think it was because a great man said
That only thus could my young wife remain
Untroubled and unraped. I count this more
Than hoping that this time I'd reach three score.
But damn, I've died at Twenty-five again.

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Fantasy in a Cathedral Town

SWEET CHARIOT. By Frank Baker. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1943. 335 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THIS is the second fantasy Frank Baker has written about the ancient English cathedral town Cornford, a place which bears certain unmistakable resemblances to Winchester. Readers of his earlier book, "Miss Hargreaves," will remember that it was at the Cornford railroad station that the elderly lady who had been thought up out of nothing, suddenly appeared to confront her creators and become a burden to them. Now it is the schoolmaster from the local Cathedral Choir School who carries on the supernatural tradition which seems so perfectly in keeping with Cornford's medieval background.

Gregory Spillett, a gentle, drily humorous person whose monotonous existence in the Choir School has not stifled his desire for romance and adventure, goes in search of a huge bird he has glimpsed while on a vacation in Cornwall. He succeeds in capturing the strange being, no bird at all, but his own guardian angel, Melchior, who has watched over him from birth and who understandably bears a marked resemblance to him. All his life Gregory has had an overpowering ambition to fly—not in man-made machines, but free and unfettered, supported by nothing but his own confidence that he can remain aloft as angels do. And Melchior is equally entranced with the opportunity to walk upon the unfamiliar earth and come in contact with the mortals he has hitherto been able to observe only from above. The two change places for a few weeks, so that the man can play angel, and the angel man.

The transformation, of course, cannot be complete, as Gregory finds out after flying gaily for a while over the Cornish landscape where he had discovered Melchior. He attempts to reach the lower gates of Heaven, but is thrust back as unready, trailing with him strains of celestial music that serve to inspire the composer who rescues him from the sea into which he has fallen. And Melchior, who tries to fit himself into the conventional pattern of middle-class British school life, also gets into difficulties. The forthright and compassionate angel cannot tolerate the petty tyrannies and actual cruelties of what is supposed to be an educational institution. Nor does he quite know how to deal with the pretty young school matron who naturally assumes that he is the mortal Gregory with whom she is very much in love.

It is a familiar situation, one that has attracted many writers, for basic ideas for fantasy stories are notoriously scarce, so that the good ones must, of necessity, be used again and again.

The thought of having an angel come down to earth to mingle with men has far-reaching possibilities and inevitable comic aspects. It is to Frank Baker's credit that he has imbued an old tale with new life and made it a delight to read.

"Sweet Chariot" is in the tradition of the best English fantasy fiction, for English fantasy, unlike American, is solidly grounded in landscape and local atmosphere. The fog-shrouded isles, where generations of men have dwelt among their forefathers' graves and moldering relics of the past, dominate the writing of such tales. American fantasy stems not from the soil, but from the mind. British fantasy is of the English earth, as native as the chalk underfoot or the solid stone buildings that are a heritage from the dead progenitors. Cornford, with its ancient close and the vast cathedral brooding darkly over the town, is the central theme in Mr. Baker's work. It is to be hoped that he will write more stories about that spirit-haunted place, for what he writes transcends war and politics in its timelessness. The thousand-year-old city sprawls across the present moment, making it seem like nothing more than a brief, unhappy interval in the long pageant of English history.

What Composers Have to Face

BROKEN MELODY. By Ronald Kirkbride. Coward-McCann, Inc. New York: 1942. 328 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

MR. KIRKBRIDE'S intention when he started out to write this novel was obviously to show us through the story of Simon Lennan the struggles faced by American composers when they seek recognition of their music struggles against poverty, indifference, and the malicious antagonism of foreign-born orchestra directors. Early in his unhappy childhood Simon had learned that to the listening ear music is everywhere, and it had become the unfailing solace for all his miseries. At first he was content to listen and every sound from bird notes to the raucous clamor of factories came to have a special meaning for him. In time he had learned to play almost every instrument and then under the tutelage of an old music teacher to form patterns of these sounds and set them down on paper. But all this was before the story really begins.

When the curtain rises Simon is twenty-two and has just arrived in Los Angeles, the nearest musical center to his New Mexico home. Simon is handicapped by a limp, is penniless and friendless. Inevitably he finds it hard going. But women soon come into his life and to the disappointment of this reviewer, Mr. Kirkbride thereupon becomes primarily concerned with Simon's love life, with his relations with Svea, the tempestuous singer, with Joyce the rich "society girl," with Mary the understanding and good little working-girl. The result is that he has given us a mildly interesting, and not too convincing love story in which the frustrations of sex play a far more dominating part than do those of the musician. This is a pity for the story of the American composer is well worth the telling.

Mr. Kirkbride's novel, moreover, is uneven in its writing and its characterization. The Los Angeles boarding-house, its neighborhood and tenants are well drawn. They ring true as do the middle-aged Svea and some of the minor characters. But in spite of passages of excellent writing, Mr. Kirkbride's ear is often insensitive to clichés and too often his people are so stereotyped—Esteban, Joyce, Mary—as to be boring. It is even hard to care very much for Simon or to believe seriously in his genius.

On the whole this is a near-miss novel. It gives evidence of talent and promises a better job later, but it does not quite hit the target aimed for.

Buy Bonds
Don't Wear Them

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Mrs. Litvinoff Supplies a Symbol

MOSCOW MYSTERY. By Ivy Litvinoff. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. 268 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WENZELL BROWN

The old woman—she may have been forty-five, but she had long been gray and toothless—slid out of bed and began groping about the floor for certain shapeless and colorless garments. The baby in the basket stirred and whimpered, puckering up its tiny face and turning its head from side to side on the sour pillow. She bent over the basket and picked up the damp and smelling infant, which, nevertheless, looked the picture of placid health. She unbuttoned her dress and her hand went searching for the long, shriveled breast, at which the baby sucked eagerly—a hag, a witch, with warm, sweet milk surging through her veins.

THIS is the symbol of Russia that Ivy Litvinoff has given to us in "Moscow Mystery" and, in so doing, she has offered an explanation of a mystery of far more importance than that of who committed a murder in Moscow in 1926. She has given us the key to the incredible resistance of the Russians against seemingly overwhelming odds—for deep within them, undisturbed by squalor or suffering or age, surges the clear, warm love of life.

The mystery which Madame Litvinoff presents is but a feeble vehicle for some intricate and beautiful descriptive writing of Moscow itself and she is quite right in stating in the preface to her novel that "Today the Russian background and the stuff about Spring over the Kremlin are likely to be the most interesting features of the book to American readers." "Moscow Mystery" was written several years ago and published in England. At that time an American publisher could not be found for it; now it should be assured of a wide and interested public.

Madame Litvinoff's background gives her an unusual intimacy with Russia combined with the knowledge of what is of interest to the foreigners there. She has absorbed much of Russian feeling and, at times, her prose is touched with the simple, sterile beauty of the great Russian writers. The reader is reminded alternately of Gogol, Dostoievsky, and Garshin, and unfortunately, sometimes of recent Soviet pamphleteers.

The most interesting portion of "Moscow Mystery" is its preface, which was written especially for the American edition. Here she describes the changes that have come over Russia from 1926 to the present time. "The witches cauldrons are gone from the street, and gone are the children that sought their warmth; and though bombs can tear holes in the gleaming asphalt, streets are quickly repaired now." The gangs of wild boys, "the little wolves of society" who play an important part in the book, she assures us, became the objects of a supreme salvage campaign which removed them from the streets and placed them in training centers. Today they are fighting for Russia and for freedom; they are trained technicians, soldiers, truck drivers, scientists; they address one another proudly with the term, "citizen."

Ivy Litvinoff has brought into her writing a great warmth—the warmth of a gay, laughing, generous people and the warmth of her own personal charm and tolerance. She has made little attempt to follow the pattern of the mystery story, indeed even her detective, the easy-going, good-natured Nikulin does not think the murder of very great importance. He even agrees that the murdered man's life was not particularly valuable and that it is more important to capture a crooked dentist who has misused his right to purchase platinum "thus undermining trade and the development of industry and affecting the lives of countless hundreds." The story bogs down and at times interferes with the serious purposes behind the book.

For Madame Litvinoff has presented the picture of a society, so constructed that it is worthy of survival. She has given us, too, a glimpse of a great people, simple, deeply emotional, and possessed of a childlike guile. If at times her Soviet youth seem callous, she more than makes up for it in her warm and vivid description of the prison coöperative and her sympathetic treatment of the street gangs and their good friend Julius Ceasarovitch Itkin.

Ivy Litvinoff

This book is a book which should be read for its understanding of Russia and her people and for its delicate description of Moscow, the Kremlin, and the Chinatown wall. Moscow may here be seen in a period of change, through kindly, sympathetic eyes.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHILD CHARACTERS FROM DICKENS

Mary Katharine Reely, of Madison, Wisconsin, again submits a Dickens quiz, this one on his child characters. Allowing 5 points for each one you can identity, and another 5 if you can name the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. He rides into the story on his father's shoulder.
2. A "merry" old gentleman teaches him to play a game with a handkerchief.
3. Reduced to beggary by her grandfather's weakness for gambling, she finds employment with a famous wax-works exhibit.
4. This little boy acts as go-between for a bashful lover and his lass.
5. "Damn the boy! He's gone to sleep again."
6. Under expert teaching, this half-starved little slavey becomes a good hand at cribbage.
7. "They are too beautiful to live!" exclaims the mother of these four little girls who are always dressed alike, with white frilled trousers around their ankles and their hair in flaxen braids down their backs.
8. "Papa, what is money?" asks the sad little heir to a great house.
9. His older sister, as she is fond of reminding him, brought him up by hand. "Money!" cries the astonished parent. "Money can do anything!"
10. Although well past her infancy, she continues to be known professionally as the infant phenomenon.

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Taylor Caldwell's Seeds of Goodness

THE ARM AND THE DARKNESS. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 604 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

> The events and the characters in this novel were not invented by me. To critics, I refer the evidence of history. If there appears too much violence, I recommend a study of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. . . . To those who believe the Roman hierarchy is uniformly vicious, I refer the lives of many heroic priests, without whom the cause of civilization would long have perished. Men of good will are not confined to one creed or race, but can be found in the most unlikely places. To these men, this novel is dedicated with reverence.

THOSE are noble words and they move us to treat the author with sympathy. Certainly, in times like ours, when both Catholic priests and Protestant ministers have done so much to alleviate, to the best of their abilities, the awful sufferings of all oppressed races, creeds, and nations, it seems fitting to go back to history for previous examples of men of good will, of their failures and successes, of their final triumph and salvation. It is quite true that, in every period of history, men of good will could be found in every camp and sometimes, as Taylor Caldwell says, in the most unlikely places. It is quite true that a novel, if it describes impartially the feelings and ideas of two opposite factions in a long-forgotten controversy, can have a striking moral effect. Because the novelist brings us to view with serenity and detachment a defunct quarrel, he also makes us realize the vanity of other quarrels, that are still alive. Such is, for instance, the effect on the reader of Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

Yet, in order to achieve that result and to produce that impression of serenity, two conditions must be fulfilled. The book must be convincing and give us, rightly or wrongly, the illusion of historical truth, and the author must make us conscious of his own impartiality. I cannot say that "The Arm and the Darkness" made me quite happy on either of these counts. "To critics, I refer the evidence of history," says Taylor Caldwell. I should like to know the evidence that prompted her to show Father Joseph directing the Queen's confessor to throw that unfortunate woman into the arms of Richelieu, in order to obtain from the Cardinal a declaration of war against the Huguenots. Maybe such evidence is in existence; I do not know of it, nor does the story tally very well with what we know of Richelieu, who did not decide so lightly of State matters.

Nor do we have, when we read this novel, a feeling of impartiality. This is not a story told, like "War and Peace," from the point of view of Eternal Man. That Taylor Caldwell is a contemporary of ours, preoccupied with *our* problems, is apparent on every page. Does she believe that, at the time of Richelieu, people already spoke of America as the country of the Bill of Rights? It is true that a few Huguenots did then go to America, but their vocabulary must have been more like that of John Winthrop or Cotton Mather than like that of the Declaration of Independence. In other words, characters in this novel say what a spectator in a movie theater would expect them to say in 1943, and not what *they* would have said in 1625. Of course such anachronisms make the charm of certain historical plays, Bernard Shaw's for instance. But we do not listen to Shaw's "Saint Joan" to learn what Warwick really said; we want to hear what Shaw has got to say, and we know his tongue is in his cheek, whereas here we have been told by the author: "I refer you to the evidence of history."

All this being said, there is a great deal of charm in "The Arm and the Darkness," and some of the characters

Taylor Caldwell

are brilliantly drawn. May I suggest that, in the next edition, dukes and other titled persons should be called *Rohan, Bouillon, Vitry,* and not *de Rohan, de Bouillon, de Vitry,* which is contrary to French usage? We say: *le Duc de Richelieu,* and never use *de* without the title. *De Buckingham* is the worst of the lot.

They Went to Egypt

SPELL OF EGYPT. By Victoria Wolf. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

IN the girlish blurb called "autobiographical note" Victoria Wolf asks coyly, "What girl would like to tell you the truth about her age?", and says, by way of being helpful, that she "was even born in a good wine country in a good season" and has lived "through the most peculiar experiences, first in Europe and now here in America." Well, well. It would have been more to the point had she, or her publisher, told us in what language she wrote her story—for a note on the back of the title-page says it has been "translated by Dora H. Demuth." Also the author's age would not be without interest, since in the heroine of the book—it is told in the first person—is portrayed with cruel, photographic accuracy a specimen of *Backfisch schwärmerei* which would be a triumph for a very young woman, but an act of unkindness, so naive, so innocently lethal it is, if done by an older hand.

"Spell of Egypt" is a tale of the 1920's, and obviously based on Howard Carter's Tutankhamen excavations. Sonya, when the tale opens, is without work and almost penniless in London. She is conveniently run down by a car driven by Roger Conway who is employed to unearth buried Pharaohs. All her life Sonya has longed to go to Egypt. Conway needs a secretary —and off they go to Cairo, Luxor, Heliopolis: meet sinister fortune-tellers, susceptible, modern-minded Egyptians, and, of course, Sonya falls desperately in love with Roger, who is ill-treated and neglected by a fashionable wife. I need hardly say that Roger wins the girl, and Mrs. Conway consents to a divorce.

The only claims to attention possessed by "Spell of Egypt" are, first, the cruel analysis of Sonya, and, secondly, the success with which Miss Wolf conveys the excitement, the absorbed passion of her Egyptologists. In her account of the first discovery of the tomb, of the subsequent opening, she takes the reader into the vehement, controlled emotion of those delvers into an ancient past. In this, in her description of the cruel heat of the desert, and the brittle relaxations of Shepheard's Hotel there are signs that she may one day be a novelist.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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INFORMATION AND THE WAR

THE future American historian of World War II will find his greatest source of information, aside from documentary evidence from official Army, Navy, and Government sources, in the flood of war books written for popular consumption by correspondents and men in the armed services. Publishers' lists are crammed with these informative, stirring books —books about the war in Iceland, Burma, Russia, Egypt, North Africa, the Philippines, China, and the islands of the South Sea; books from men who have risked their lives in the air, on hostile shores, and on and under the seas.

Nothing like it has ever been seen before, for nearly all of the popular literature about the First World War appeared toward its close and for a period of years after it was over. Today a trained group of tough, competent, and eloquent foreign correspondents are serving us far more ably in explaining the war to us, after they have had time to collect their experiences and impressions in books, than in the days when they were cabling their newspapers from various fronts.

So far most of these books record lost campaigns and Allied disasters, the days of Axis conquests. Now that the flood tide is beginning, we will begin to hear of victories. It was Cecil Brown's "From Suez to Singapore" that first revealed to the public the full measure of mental and physical weakness in Malaya, and that proved that an unnecessarily rigid censorship can be dangerous to the conduct of global war. For the story of the fall of Burma we have had to wait until Jack Belden's authoritative and moving "Retreat with Stilwell," which proved that complacency still existed in Colonial governments and that the lessons of Hong Kong and Singapore in regard to the native peoples, who had been ruled blindly for so long, had not been learned. Contempt for the enemy, astonishing obduracy toward summoning the aid that had been offered from China, ended in the loss of a province that must eventually be recaptured.

The story of the Philippines was first revealed in Col. Carlos P. Romulo's "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines," or at least we could appreciate for the first time the full measure of the courage and coöperation of the brown men of the Philippine Islands. All through those anxious days a year ago when we watched breathlessly the gradual extinction of resistance on Bataan Peninsula, the American press consistently gave the impression that the American forces there were much larger than they actually were. Clark Lee in his recent "They Call It Pacific" shows how little the correspondents were able to tell of the real situation in the Islands and how slowly so accomplished a newsgatherer as he is could find out for himself the true horror of the situation, and that, for example, there was only one American infantry regiment in the Islands and that our total forces in all services did not amount to more than fifteen thousand men. There were reasons for this acute censorship of press and radio; and in the Philippines as in Burma and Malaya, it was important that as much optimism as possible should be pumped into the native peoples until even the lowliest coolie could see the handwriting on the wall.

But there is an undercurrent in all these accounts from the Pacific of a reckoning that is still to come. Perhaps not our defeats so much as the white man's lack of confidence in native populations and vice versa will in the future give us the greatest trouble. As Mr. Lee shows, every day for week after week the American and Philippine troops expected our transports and troops to appear, and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." They have a right to feel that the white man should have accepted his obligation to defend them from invasion more seriously than he did, since for years an attack by Japan appeared to be likely or inevitable. Perhaps it was with this in mind that a Filipino correspondent, a friend of Mr. Casey's who shared many of his adventures, faced him on the eve of the Japanese occupation of Manila and told him that he would not escape with him to "The Rock," to the safety of Corregidor's tunnels, but would surrender to the Japanese. Dark blood flowed in his veins, and he would turn from the white race, who would never wholly accept him as an equal, to a conqueror of the same color.

From the other side of the world, Quentin Reynolds's "Dress Rehearsal," the recently published account of the Dieppe Raid, that heroic invasion of the shores of France that in its lack of success may have settled the strategy of the war for a whole year, shows that only forty American soldiers were engaged. Nevertheless, the headlines of our papers at the time gave the impression that we were there in force. That too may not be of vital significance, but it has added to our optimism for an early end of the war in spite of definite statements from Mr. Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt warning us that perhaps not for two years or more can we hope for the first great victory. Without Mr. Reynolds's books and those of his brother correspondents, we could find no way of discovering some measure of truth for ourselves, or be able to look into the future, however dimly.

In addition to the newspapermen on every front, there have been many fine books written by the men who have been trained through the years by the great national magazines, the *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's*, and others. The work of these men, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, and many others is "swift, professional and polished," to quote from *The New York Times* critique of Mr. Martin's "South from Corregidor," published last week. These writers who can describe the packing industry, an armament factory, or a battle with equal facility and vigor are invaluable. They can take a story from the lips of an aviator, invalided home, from the torpedoed sailor, from the soldier returned from Guadalcanal or Tunisia, and turn it into ringing prose, so that we at home can understand, if not what the war is about, then what it is like. They do not deal with strategy or questions of policy or race, but with adventure and heroism. Their books, whether ghost written, or with their names attached, are the lineal and advanced descendants of the many volumes by Lowell Thomas that appeared twenty years or more ago, that first adventure into the field of "rewritten" books.

The people of America have a passionate desire to find out about this war in which they are so totally involved. Not in listening to the news on the radio, or from the commentators, or from the daily accounts in the press can we make these discoveries for ourselves of what we are doing and where we are going, but from books, the true literature of the war. Every thoughtful man and woman should collect them as they appear and study them with the utmost care. Somewhere in them you will find nearly everything you want to know.

H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Strong and Saroyan

SIR:—I have just read William Saroyan's book, "The Human Comedy," and having done so I turned to your issue of February 27 and read Mr. Phil Stong's review.

I think the book fell into the hands of the wrong reviewer. Mr. Stong misses the point, I think, because he will not accept "preaching" in a story. In ordinary cases his objection would be valid enough; but may I point out that Shakespeare was a consistent offender against this rule (second only to the Four Gospels), and that Charles Dickens was one of the world's incorrigible moralists.

Mr. Stong should remember that two qualities go into the making of literature: one is art, which is great; the other, infinitely greater, is genius.

On my book-shelf "The Human Comedy" takes its place as a little brother to "The Odyssey," "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Moby Dick" and "The Pickwick Papers."

LOUIS DODGE.

Redondo Beach, Calif.

B. C. and the 50 Books

SIR:—In Trade Winds, *S.R.L.*, March 13, Bennett Cerf has uttered the disappointed trade publisher's annual squawk against the American Institute of Graphic Arts. He objects to their "Fifty Best Books" for not taking into consideration a factor which the Institute always makes clear is not to be considered. The contest is in typographical design; the contents of the book are irrelevant, except insofar as the physical make-up harmonizes with the purpose of the publication. Therefore, it is pointless for a critic to complain of the judges' selections on the ground that the judges should have observed a condition which the Institute expressly excludes. It is as if the Bathing Beauty Contest at Atlantic City should be indicted because college degrees are not required of the entrants. Mr. Cerf must be already acquainted with literary critics who condemn authors for not doing something which the author never intended to do.

As for the waste of materials in the book under discussion, that is a matter of opinion. In the first place, Mr. Cerf may take comfort in the fact that most of the books of narrow appeal have been issued in editions of less than 500 copies. Secondly, what appears useless and trivial to Mr. Cerf may be important to others; and his implication that the trade publishers never put out anything trivial is absurd. What about Random House's "With a Hays Nonny Nonny," for example? Look at the shelves in a drug store lending library. There Mr. Cerf's colleagues are abundantly represented by bilge.

To offset the five titles Mr. Cerf chose as examples of "indulgences" of private presses, he might have mentioned five successful products of commercial houses that are also among the Fifty: Little, Brown's "Admiral of the Ocean Sea"; Viking's "The Hidden Civil War"; Knopf's "Crazy Horse"; Holt's "A Witness Tree"; and Crowell's "The Wonder Cat." Nothing prevents trade publishers from making a clean sweep of the fifty places except the taste of their typographers.

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS, *Director*.
University of Mich.
Ann Arbor

"My dear, don't tell me you people are hoarding books!"

Pouring It On

SIR:—A point which seems to me fascistic in Mr. Cerf's ideas is his insistence that the "Fifty Books" list, as it now is, be done away with entirely for the duration. Does he mean to imply that we need have no more beauty for the duration, except as it contributes to the war effort? I do not believe in the ivory tower; but if we are to say that all attempts at beauty are useless unless they are a direct part of the war effort, or of New York's commercial life, then I think we have little to fight for.

JAMES A. DECKER.
Prairie City, Ill.

"Occupational Disease"

SIR:—I thank you for your editorial "Occupational Disease" in the March 20th issue of the *Saturday Review*. I have read no more profound commentary upon the scholasticism which distorted and debased the history of the First World War.

R. C. LEFFINGWELL.
New York, N. Y.

Ain't It?

SIR:—The first difficulty in the way of getting "I ain't," "he ain't," "we (they) ain't," accepted in current usage is the fact that there is no urgent need for such a contraction, since we have already the declarative "I'm not" (with a slightly different connotation, to be sure), "he isn't," and "we (they) aren't." The same is true of the interrogatives "isn't he?", "aren't we (they)?", *except in the first person singular*. Here we have as other possible short cuts only the unpronounceable "amn't I?", and the affected and logically indefensible "aren't I?"; and here, I suggest, is the justifiable opening for the much abused "ain't." No one but an arrant pedant enjoys saying "am I not?", whereas "ain't I?" comes trippingly on the tongue once it is emancipated from taboo. Moreover, it is only in the first person singular that "ain't" is, as I tried to show in the Merriam-Webster leaflet *Word Study*, back in 1934 or 1935, linguistically defensible.

MILTON ELLIS.
Orono, Maine

The Knack of Borrowing

SIR:—It was time that some one checked up on the appropriating of established titles. I was glad that Robert Allerton Parker mentioned "The Human Comedy" and "The Valley of Decision."

What about adding to this list Clifford Odet's play, "Paradise Lost?"

BERNARD SOBEL.
New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

YOU WILL BE HEARING a great deal in the course of the next few weeks about Mark Aldanov, and his novel, "The Fifth Seal." It is a new Scribner publication, and has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for May. Champions of the book proclaim it a masterly novel in the direct tradition of Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. The opposition party—which seems to include a considerable number of people who haven't bothered to read the book—thinks that it is deliberately anti-Soviet, and calculated to impair our relations with Russia at the precise moment when the Red armies are performing such valiant deeds in our common cause.

I do not happen to think that "The Fifth Seal" is a great book by any manner of means, despite isolated scenes of undeniable brilliance. I would not list it among the more fortunate choices of the Book Club judges. It is definitely *not* an anti-Soviet novel, however. It is rather anti-humanity. Aldanov is concerned with life in Paris in 1936 and 1937 when dry rot was sapping the vitality of the Third Republic faster than the worst pessimists suspected. The Soviet representatives depicted by Aldanov are neither better nor worse than the French, Belgian, or unidentified nationals in the plot. The lot of them are disillusioned and cynical. The old revolutionary Wislicenus, in fact, emerges as quite the most heroic and admirable character in the book.

On the day that I lunched at the Plaza with Mark Aldanov and his translator, Nicholas Wreden, I found him keenly aware that when the spotlight of publicity flashed upon him, he would do well to have his political views understood from the outset. Aldanov was born in Kiev, Russia, in 1889. The fact that he was a representative of the Kerensky Government in Paris, coupled with his frank admission that he left Russia for good when that short-lived regime toppled, automatically makes him suspect to the extreme left. "You are please to understand," declared Aldanov vehemently, "that in no sense do I have any hatred for the Soviet Government. It is dictators I hate. The more complete they are the worse I hate them. Hitler is the worst of all. He and everything he represents must be absolutely destroyed. Russian victories against him make me very, very happy." There was no doubting his sincerity.

The story behind the publication of "The Fifth Seal" is an interesting one. Aldanov's friend, Dmitri Mohrenschild, Russian instructor at Dartmouth, introduced him to Nick Wreden—"the luckiest thing," Aldanov told me, "that ever happened to me in my entire life." Wreden, a bear of a man, bluff, dynamic, and capable, is the manager of Scribner's retail book department, the President of the American Booksellers' Association, and a shrewd judge of manuscripts. "The Fifth Seal" impressed him as the most promising property he had seen in many a day, and he promptly descended upon Scribner's famous editor, Max Perkins. "If you could read this manuscript in Russian, Max," said Wreden, "you'd buy it in a flash." "Your word is good enough for me," said Perkins, pulling his hat down a little lower on his ears. (Mr. Perkins feels undressed without his hat on during office hours.) "Make out a contract—and, say, you'd better do the translation, too!"

When Nick Wreden heard that "The Fifth Seal" had been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, he bought a bottle of champagne and rushed up to Aldanov's apartment on West Eighty-fourth Street. Nobody was home. Wreden waited in the lobby for an hour, fondling the bottle of champagne, and dreaming happily of the executive board of the Council on Books in Wartime, to which he had just been appointed. When Mrs. Aldanov came home and heard the news of the choice, she pursed her lips. "Is that good?" she asked cautiously. Then she told Nick that her husband was collecting data for his next work in the Public Library on Forty-second Street. "Congratulations, Mark," cried Nick, when he found him there. "The Book Club has taken your book!" "Humpf," said Aldanov, dubiously, "they'll probably cancel it tomorrow." That was before he and Nick had polished off the champagne, of course.

Aldanov is now compiling, with Leo Stillman, of Cornell, an anthology of Russian literature that will cover the past hundred years, beginning with Pushkin, and ending with the leading Soviet writers of today.

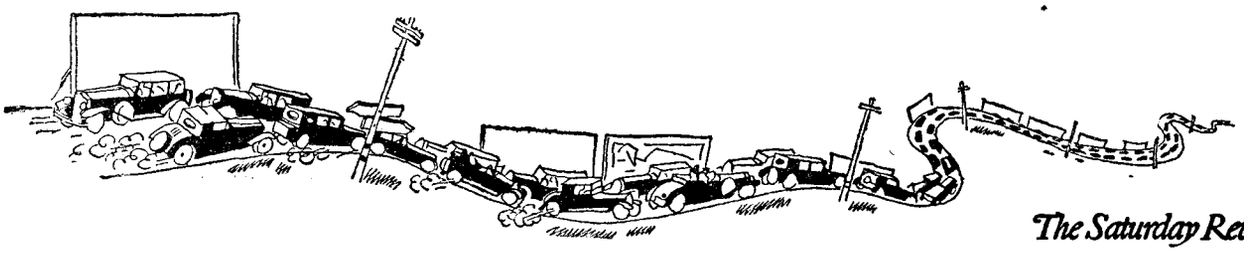
"I will never write in English," he told me. "If a man can write well in one language—that's enough. Besides, I now have found my ideal translator. I will never have another one!"

"Mr. Aldanov," I said, "let us hope that you are not leaning upon too slender a Wreden!"

In the dim light of the Plaza, at least, that danger appeared very remote. . . .

MAX PERKINS, incidentally, is the next bookman who will be glorified by the Profile Department of the *New Yorker* Magazine. (What they are doing to Hendrik Van Loon in the meantime is nobody's business.) The story of Perkins's valiant ministrations in behalf of Tom Wolfe is well known, but there are a half dozen other famous authors who can thank him just as surely for their eminence. Probably the most dangerous gamble that he took—and won—was on Scott Fitzgerald. Scott had written three-quarters of one of his best, if least appreciated, novels—"Tender Is the Night"—but a psychological block frustrated his every effort to finish it. One day Max called him by long distance at his home on Charles Street in Baltimore. "Scott," he said, "we've decided to run your novel as a serial in *Scribner's Magazine*. The first instalment will appear in the next issue. Now, unless you want to make a complete fool of me, you've *got* to finish it!" The stratagem worked. It was the last complete novel Fitzgerald wrote. . . .

NOW THAT THE VERSATILE Jack Goodman has completed his "Fireside Book of Dog Stories," I'd like to see him embark upon a more urgently needed collection of shaggy dog anecdotes. Shaggy dog stories, as all of you must know by this time, are the kind of tales in which animals talk, or the punch lines make no sense at all. They are generally anathema to the literal-minded female sex. They receive their name from the following legend. A Kansas City barfly picked up a year-old copy of the *London Times* one day—don't ask me how it got there—and found therein a personal ad offering a handsome reward for the return of a very shaggy dog to its bereft owner in Bishop's Bowes, Essex. Ten minutes later he stumbled over the shaggiest darn pup you ever saw. Being a man



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of decision, he promptly bundled the canine under his arm, took the *Twentieth Century* to New York, the *Queen Mary* to Southampton, and a limousine to Bishop's Bowes. In keen anticipation, he sought out the lady who had advertised, and rang her bell. "What do you want, my man?" she inquired with some distaste. "Didn't you say you had lost a shaggy dog?" said the man, holding up the pooch. "I think I've found it for you." "Heavens, no," snapped the lady. "It wasn't *that* shaggy"—and slammed the door in his face.

Since that time there have been countless tales of pigeons who got mixed up in badminton games, frogs who couldn't talk because they had a man in their throat, kangaroos who walloped their young for eating crackers in bed, and guests at state functions who spilled a plate of succotash over their partners' heads, and then explained, "Oh, pardon me, I thought it was spinach!" The latest of them, retailed by Irving Hoffman, concerns a race-horse who injured his leg and had to have it bandaged by a veterinarian. The day following the accident, another pony stopped at his stall for a little chat. "How's the injured pin?" asked the visitor. "Can't tell yet," replied the bangtail, "I'm waiting until Dr. Rodgers looks at the X-rays." "What!" exclaimed the pony. "You mean to tell me you trust THAT horse-doctor?"

WHEN COLONEL ROMULO, author of "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines," was ordered to leave Corregidor, and fly to safety, he was driven to the airfield by a private named Packer. The Japs were closing in fast, and one section of the road was about to be blown up by the retreating Americans. The officer in charge held up the operation for five minutes so that the Colonel could get through. His plane got off in the nick of time, but what happened to his brave chauffeur can only be conjectured. As his plane arose from the emergency field, the Colonel caught a last glimpse of Packer standing alone by his jeep, shading his eyes to watch the last American plane leave Bataan.

Colonel Romulo told this story some days ago in a lecture in Pocatello, Idaho. Suddenly a man in the rear of the auditorium arose and interrupted the speech. "That boy Packer," he demanded, "was he blonde and about six feet two?" The Colonel said he was. The man's wife rushed to the platform, and showed him a picture in her locket. "That was the boy all right," said the Colonel, as excited by this time as the audience. The boy had been reported missing in action last March. "At least," says the Colonel, "I was able to assure his parents that I had seen him very much alive in April. And I don't suppose I'll ever deliver such a successful lecture again!" . . .

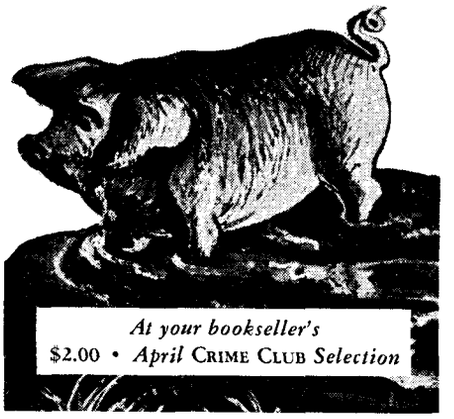
BENNETT CERF.

"Don't you think you're carrying camouflage a little too far, sergeant?"

H. C. BAILEY

writes a wartime mystery whose background is reminiscent of a Hitchcock movie. The plot opens with a typhus outbreak among child evacués in Wales. Seeking to trace the epidemic's origin, the Military Intelligence calls in Reggie Fortune. Reggie suspects that a pig is involved. But before he solves the mystery, he reckons with a much bigger "pig" than he had anticipated.

MR. *Fortune* FINDS A PIG



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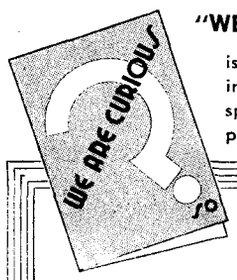

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The Story of Lt. Juanita Redmond

I SERVED ON BATAAN. By Lieutenant Juanita Redmond. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1943. 167 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by LILIAN T. MOWRER

THIS moving little book covers ten months in the life of an army nurse from the moment when she "floated down the gangplank at Manilla, complete in chiffon dress and an enormous picture hat" to her return to San Francisco in June, 1942, after surviving the horrors of Bataan and Corregidor.

Lieutenant Juanita Redmond tells the facts very simply but leaves the reader with an overwhelming admiration for all the Americans and Filipinos who worked in Base Hospital 1, with ever-dwindling food and supplies, under continual bombardment and with the gradual and terrible realization of being engaged in a losing fight.

When she was aroused at six o'clock on December 8th and told that Pearl Harbor had been bombed, Lt. Redmond could not believe that the long-awaited Japanese invasion actually had happened. And it was clear that this incredulous surprise was shared by everyone without exception.

To the crash of Japanese bombs she had her first surgical experience, for every nurse was needed to help the endless procession of blood-crusted wounded brought in on trucks, buses, carts . . . anything that had wheels. Across the bay Cavite was burning and refugees fleeing from flaming villages poured into Manilla where every available building—schools, hotels, the spectacular *jai-alai* palace—was turned into hospitals.

Then came General MacArthur's order to retreat to the Bataan peninsula and the hospital was assembled in delapidated wooden barracks at Limay (there were six beds for the fifty nurses) and Lt. Redmond had the job of improvising an operating room in an abandoned bar-room littered with old beer-cans.

But murderous bombardment followed them and after a few weeks it was decided to move further back in the mountains. It took two days and nights to move the wounded but not one died in the transfer; and it was triumphs like this that sustained the gallant group working uninterruptedly among the broken, shellshocked men. Hardly had the last left when incendiary bombs reduced all the Limay buildings to ashes, so the next set-up was literally in a jungle clearing where a few tin-roofed shacks without walls or floors offered the only shelter.

As battles raged and the invaders pressed steadily nearer, as many as sixteen hundred patients at a time had to be cared for, and the book describes how incredible difficulties were overcome and the primitive wards turned into a smoothly-running big hospital in full operation. Here is no fine writing, hardly a vivid adjective yet the story is alive with thumbnail sketches of colleagues and cases; of American soldiers brought in so famished that they almost forgot their festering wounds when given something to eat; of Jap prisoners, of the Filipino's unwavering loyalty. There were dust-storms to cope with, tropical rain; dysentery, gangrene as well as the war wounded yet the picture is not all grim: doctors and nurses improvised entertainment for the sick; went visiting in jeeps, made perilous trips to the gun-boat Canopus anchored off Cavite. In an artless manner Lt. Redmond reveals much. She speaks of the widespread satisfaction at General Wainwright's promotion to Corregidor Headquarters. He was known and loved by all. General MacArthur, in spite of his memorable description of the "foxholes," was never once on Bataan.

But not even foxholes were safe. On Easter day a series of raids destroyed all but sixty-five beds! Working frantically day and night amid débris, mangled torsos, and bloody human fragments everywhere caught in trees, the staff, many of them wounded, did their best to save the remaining twice-hit men and rescue the precious medical supplies. But Bataan was doomed: the nurses were given fifteen minutes notice to leave for Corregidor.

Nursing in the intricate network of tunnels in the great rock seemed almost luxurious at first, but relentlessly the Japanese smashed everything around them, field units, refrigeration-plants, warehouses; screaming shells mingled with screams of civilians vainly seeking shelter in the Tunnel. Lt. Redmond passed endless harrowing hours anesthetizing torn bodies, stitching gaping wounds, assisting at mass amputations, yet when she was assigned to Australia and left on a "suicide plane" she felt like a deserter.

Anguish over those who were left behind gave way to anger and hate and a hot desire to fight back and avenge the dead. "What kind of human beings would deliberately bomb hospitals, undefended cities, sick and injured men?" she asks indignantly. "This isn't an enemy you can come to terms with. The war must end without compromise."

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Double Experiment

SWEET BEULAH LAND. By Bernice Kelly Harris. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1943. 390 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

As anyone who has ever heard country Sunday singing from the church in the well-swept and hard-packed clearing beside the road must know, Sweet Beulah Land is heaven. It may mean Israel in the dictionaries but it is an Israel drawn in memories of ancient homesickness for a better land. And the singing out of such country church windows across the parked Fords and the cheap tombstones is no more native, no more honest and heartening than this novel of American country people by Bernice Kelly Harris.

The particular part of America in which Mrs. Harris places her story is the South but it seemed to me a story of land and people which would be in most respects true of every part of this continent. Certainly it is brilliantly true of the South, a truth born of an almost miraculous eye and ear for detail and a skill with words which matches Mrs. Harris's understanding of her people. As the South of this book happens to be my particular part of the South, I may be prejudiced in my pleasure over Mrs. Harris's picture of it. But as it happens to be my South I can also testify to the good reality of that picture.

Essentially the book is the story of Lan Holt, the wanderer, of Bit, the unwanted child of red-haired Sophie, and of Alicia Donning who was left behind in the inhibited uncertainty of her aristocracy. Actually, however, "Sweet Beulah Land" is the picture of the living of all of the people on "the Neck," black and white, weak and bad and kind, mean landlord and mean tenants, the lonely and the lost, aristocrats captured in a variety of inherited prisons and the numerous poor caught in old poverty.

There are few single-sided characters in this book. In the same people pettiness and dignity, the comic and the tragic meet in full humanness. They know both laughter and grimness, as well as hard going and good time. Perhaps Mrs. Harris slips occasionally with her aristocrats. Their own sentimentality about themselves marks her treatment of them. But when she creates such a figure as old Miss Partheny, it is such a character in our times as we hope the American pioneer woman was.

Obviously this is no war book. It is not designed to be current but it comes straight into these days, nevertheless, and with a heartening conviction of the good strength of the simple people of America at a time when America needs their strength. The war does not enter the book's pages but one tenant's son is off in Hawaii with the Navy and must have been one of those there waiting for Pearl Harbor. At least one of the super-numerous progeny of the Lee's—the one who long ago survived pneumonia at Christmastime—flies in a blue plane over "the Neck." The story is that of his people below him—people often tough-treated by life but indestructible in it. And if their land is not a heaven worth raising hymn-singing about, it is, nevertheless, a country which stirs our confidence and does not merely deserve our concern.

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Religious Books in Wartime

Reading Today Reflects the Preoccupations of People

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

A FIGHTING man, Col. W. F. Kernan, furnished the text[1] for this brief commentary on religious books in wartime: "As we advance the colors against the New Paganism, let us repeat the creed of the ancient Christendom." Confident words these, which are echoed with deep sincerity in the fox-holes of the South Pacific, in the African desert, and even (so rumor would have it) in the trenches which not so long ago defended Stalingrad. They seem, indeed, to rise from the depths of the sorely troubled modern spirit. In Hitler's Germany itself the Bible has been more popular during recent years than "Mein Kampf." Some of the finest modern versions of the sacred texts have been published there since 1933, despite official hostility to both Testaments. Nor was Mr. Churchill serving the interests of rhetoric merely when, in commenting upon the discernible outlines of future society, he spoke of the reverence in which Englishmen have held the Christian faith. Finally, when the record of fearful persecution can eventually be written, there will be much to tell of the faith and fortitude of the Jew. Already we have one remarkable book —"The World of Sholom Aleichem," by Maurice Samuel, an extraordinary revelation of spiritual riches hitherto buried for most of us in the Yiddish tongue[2].

Not infrequently the worriers declare that their fellow-men are insufficiently awake to the challenge of this war. If one hearkened to them, stiff draughts of patriotic exhortation would be washed down with buckets of propaganda analysis. But you have only to step into a New York church to find out that the citizen is by no means asleep. What are these crowds desperately praying for if not for the privilege of realizing the import of Dante's unforgettable sentence, "In His will there is our peace"? You may be sure that every last man or woman among them is heart-sick and proud alike about some boy or girl in uniform; and that is considerably more important than a dozen more naughty words about Hitler. It is only natural that their reading should reflect their preoccupations. The fairly surprising popularity which has come to certain religious novels—"The Robe," "The Song of Bernadette," "The Keys of the Kingdom," "The Nazarene"—testifies to the realism of the American outlook. Not all these books are first-rate. I shall agree that there is something factitious about Mr. Cronin's best-seller, and something unnecessarily fictitious about Mr. Douglas's historical imagination. But a public eager to read such books is a public concerned with the basic values which are at stake in this war. And in addition it is a public resolved "to put on the armor against danger, which is fearlessness," if I may quote John Erskine[3].

IT is a public, above all, which is tired of being fooled. It knows that while forty times as many bathtubs as we now possess would add measurably to the sources of pride in many domestic establishments and still more to the triumphs of hygiene, they would contribute nothing towards cleansing the mind of man. And to the accumulated festering dirt in that mind we owe the grim disease of this conflict. Hitler is the product of a code of ethics, not the result of a column of figures. Our tragedy, "with its unlimited destructiveness and its utter disregard of legal and moral restrictions, is only the external symptom of the disease from which not only Germany and not only Europe but the whole world is suffering."[4] I find these words in Christopher Dawson, an excellent Catholic writer, but they could be quoted from Protestant or Jewish sources equally well.

Yet, though these things are true, it is a noteworthy fact that genuine contemporary religious thought does not seek to flay a patient already bruised to the bone and faint unto the point of death. Christ comes now as He once came to the leper and the woman of sin. The prophet's voice is choked with sorrow, but there is in it the luminous hope of Isaiah. A number of anthologies—the list is headed by Dr. E. Stanley Jones's "Abundant Living"[5]—are rich in the comfort and fervor of the Christian tradition. There is no other book in all the world from which so much inner healing has come as from Thomas A. Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; and Father Edward Klein's edition of a glorious old English version of the text seems to me the best religious treasure of many years[6]. Of course, one may also try to bring the regenerating energies of faith to bear on harassed and disconsolate individuals. It may be that Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's "On Being a Real Person"[7] is a treatise on ethical pathology rather than an addition to theological discussion, but it does show us a devoted minister of the Gospel hard at work to help bring about the meaningful transfiguration of trouble into victory.

The social teaching of religion is likewise being clarified by the insight which comes through suffering. Some years ago, the bitter appraisal of modern civilization by such writers as Eric Gill[8] and Alfred Noyes[9] reflected the widespread apocalyptic mood which ushered in Nazism and the war. Perhaps it is not injudicious to say that one finds now a new and finer quality —an attitude blended of repentance and humility, of courage and hopeful resolution, which one can only wish to

1. *WE CAN WIN THIS WAR. By W. F. Kernan. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1943. 176 pp. $1.50.*
2. *THE WORLD OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 331 pp. $3.*
3. *THE COMPLETE LIFE. By John Erskine. New York: Julian Messner. April 20, 1943. 350 pp., and index. $3.*
4. *THE JUDGMENT OF THE NATIONS. By Christopher Dawson. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1942. 222 pp. $2.50.*
5. *ABUNDANT LIVING. By E. Stanley Jones. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1943. 371 pp. $1.*
6. *IMITATION OF CHRIST. Edited by Edward J. Klein. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 267 pp. $3.*
7. *ON BEING A REAL PERSON. By Harry Emerson Fosdick. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 295 pp. $2.50.*
8. *AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Eric Gill. New York: Devin-Adair. 1941. 318 pp., plus 32 pp. illustrations. $3.50.*
9. *THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS. By Alfred Noyes. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1942. 172 pp. $2.*

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see grow stronger and more pervasive. Inevitably the social gospel addresses an audience in tension. Mr. Low's Blimp has been reported as eager "to save religion from the Archbishop of Canterbury"; and anyone who reads "The Hope of a New World,"[10] by William Temple, will discover the reasons for Blimp's concern. In general the theological and philosophical perspectives are widening. Dr. John A. Mackay is the President of Princeton Theological Seminary. But if he held no academic office he would still remain as noble and effective a thinker as American Protestantism can muster. "Heritage and Destiny"[11] is a small book, having to do with the aberrations of modern man and yet also with the challenging tasks which lie ahead. One may not share either its premises or its conclusions and still put it down with a feeling of having been sustained if not soothed. The memory of it remains as would that of conversation with a great person who had achieved a goodly measure of wisdom. In like manner the foremost of Catholic philosophers in our day, Jacques Maritain, has shown his readiness to move with the shifting drama of humanity in "France, My Country,"[12] as moving a little book as you are likely to find. While it has to do with the *terre sacrée* fallen so inexplicably under the heel of Hitler, it is also a commentary on the Christian conscience and an introduction to the vistas which now open to the imagination of Christians. Professor Maritain is a refugee who now abides with us. May I call your attention to a less well-known but nevertheless illustrious exile, Mr. Hayim Greenberg? If you have not already followed him in the pages of the *Jewish Frontier*,[13] you have something to which to look forward.

THERE can be no doubt that the Christian Church has borne the brunt of resistance to Nazism in the countries which that plague has overrun. In Germany itself, only the faithful, clinging with passionate and imperilled fidelity to the Gospels, have resisted the tyrant and his mandates. That they and their pastors will form the centers round which orderly reconstruction can begin to take place after the fighting is over has been well understood by observers interested in post-war political and economic problems. Hiram Motherwell, observant journalist and student, is a good example. Just now the religious conflict itself is at last beginning to sink into the consciousness of America. Mr. J. C. Maier's compilation of all the pastoral letters and other documents which reflect the grim battle for Catholic survival has not yet been published, but when it appears it will give readers a chance to piece together utterances and chronicles which have so far been presented piecemeal. There are, regrettably enough, no books about Catholic leaders in the German struggle. By comparison, Protestant literature is rich. There is Kressman Taylor's "Until That Day,"[14] an absorbing and excellently written narrative of Lutheran fidelity and resistance, one of the very best books written about Germany under the Nazis. "It's Your Souls We Want," by Stewart W. Herman, Jr.,[15] records in absorbing chapters the experience of the pastor of the American Church in Berlin. A great story is told here with poignancy and objectivity by a Christian who stood on the edge of the abyss. Attention should also be called to "God Is My Fuehrer,"[16] which consists of the last 28 sermons preached by Pastor Martin Niemoeller and a preface by Thomas Mann; to "I Was in Hell with Niemoeller,"[17] by Leo Stein, a breath-taking tale although the author has recently been under some criticism; and to "Christian Europe Today,"[18] by Adolf Keller, a tragic commentary which emphasizes the heroism of the resisters.

In all these books—and indeed in the better theological writing of every mould—one seems to notice a refreshing dearth of self-righteousness. It appears to be understood by all of us that, whether we be Lutherans or not, we have manifestly lived according to the *pecca fortiter* maxim and must take the consequences. Hitler is not merely Satan rising like a star. He is the materialization of our own errors and shortcomings. He could not have made the headsman's axe the grim

10. THE HOPE OF A NEW WORLD. By William Temple. New York: Macmillan. 1941. 125 pp. $1.35.

11. HERITAGE AND DESTINY. By John A. Mackay. New York: Macmillan. 1943. 109 pp. $1.50.

12. FRANCE, MY COUNTRY. By Jacques Maritain. New York: Longmans, Green. 1941. 117 pp. $1.25.

13. Published monthly at 275 Seventh Avenue, New York.

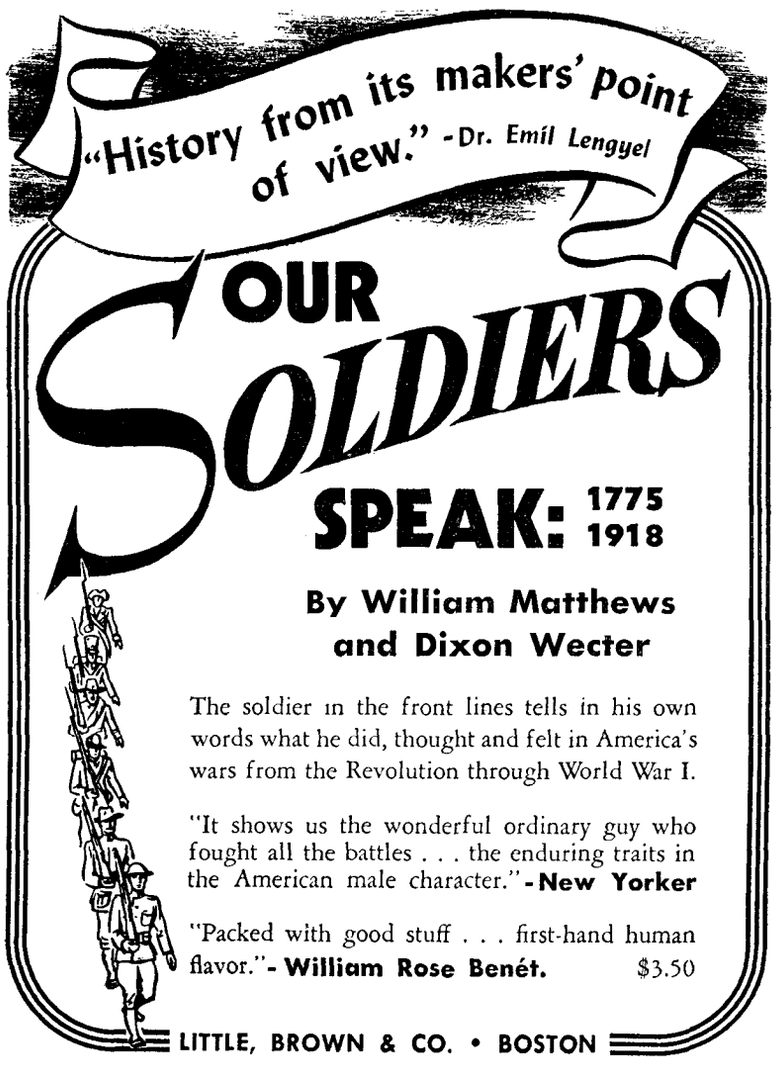
14. UNTIL THAT DAY. By Kressman Taylor. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1942. 314 pp. $2.75.

15. IT'S YOUR SOULS WE WANT. By Stewart W. Herman, Jr. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 331 pp., and index. $2.50.

16. GOD IS MY FUEHRER. By Martin Niemoeller: His Last Twenty-Eight Sermons. With a preface by Thomas Mann. New York: Philosophical Library. 1942. 294 pp. $2.75.

17. I WAS IN HELL WITH NIEMOELLER. By Leo Stein. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 1942. 253 pp. $2.50.

18. CHRISTIAN EUROPE TODAY. By Adolf Keller. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1942. 310 pp. $3.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symbolic device of our time had we not left humanity stripped of other symbols in which there was glory and radiance. Obviously, though the heart of man has not been at rest, religion must be aught else than a soporific. It remains, therefore, to sense anew the truth enshrined in Augustine's "City of God," that happiness springs from discipline of the mind and the mood under God. This, it seems, is the dominant religious outlook today.

THAT the major communions express this truth differently is an historical commonplace. It may be that upon occasion they do not express it at all. The mordant pages of Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell's "The Church in Disrepute,"[19] remind us that ecclesiastical complacency and treacle have not disappeared. It was a saintly bishop who wrote of his clergy that they talked of original sin as if originality had ceased therewith. But there is much to be said on the other side. I surmise that in several sections of American Protestantism the name of Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr is associated with earthquakes, thunder storms, and other more or less Divine visitations. "The Nature and Destiny of Man," volume II of which has just appeared under the sub-title of "Human Destiny,"[20] is a "hard" book which grips one's attention by reason of its remarkable dialectic and eloquence. It has been my fortune to read, often for professional reasons, a good deal of American Protestant literature; and while I am often in dissent, I am certain that the virility of the religious life manifested in it is prevailingly badly underestimated. Therefore I may, perhaps, confess that Niebuhr is for me a summons to what is latent in myself of his own spirit of contradiction. He has uncanny insight into the nature of man, seeing it as the stuff of eternally imperfect drama, antipathetic and violent, soothing and ironic, foolish and wise. The human being is a creature who escapes from treadmills of his own industrious making by reason of a Divine law against treadmills which he apprehends but does not comprehend. There is no easy truth here. It is a book of manly faith, which pushes both tolerance and intransigence as far as either can go. But one may perhaps wonder, and not irreverently, whether it is after all a case of Niebuhr nailing down God, or of God nailing down Niebuhr.

By comparison the Catholic position may appear to be intellectually serene, but this is only because the tension has been shifted to the drama of the natural come to grips with the compelling supernatural. Father Walter Farrell's "Companion to the Summa"[21] is now complete in four volumes, and these make available in quite readable form the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas, the most illustrious Doctor of the Church. Of course there are other books which tell part of the story—Jacques Maritain's "Ransoming the Time,"[22] Michael de la Bedoyere's "Christian Crisis,"[23] and Thomas Woodlock's "The Catholic Pattern."[24] But Father Farrell's "Companion" is a good place to start if one desires to see how the problem of authority and conscience is resolved in Catholic thought. It may possibly be true that in his fallen state man may sometimes risk thinking that when he has become a Thomist he had also become something more than a Thomist, but that would not be Father Farrell's fault.

Let me add that since the beginning religion has in all its best hours found expression in poetry. Dr. Samuel Johnson did not think so, for reasons complimentary to himself, but he was manifestly wrong. Thus there is "Charles Péguy: Basic Verities,"[25] as translated by Anne and Julian Green, a beautiful book of selections from a French poet who will be read as long as men remember his language. Rainer Maria Rilke was one who went in quest of religion, which he never quite found. But his "Poems," so ably translated by Jessie Lemont,[26] are all on the side of the angels. Finally the "Poems" of Charles L. O'Donnell[27] have been rescued from the oblivion into which they had unfortunately fallen.

There is abroad in the land what men term a "revival" of religion. We do well to remember, as we speak those words, that religion is something for which the best of our contemporaries, in many dark lands, have stood and died, thus helping to earn for mankind the right to freedom.

19. THE CHURCH IN DISREPUTE. By Bernard Iddings Bell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 152 pp. $1.75.

20. THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN. Volume II: Human Destiny. By Reinhold Niebuhr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 320 pp. $2.75.

21. COMPANION TO THE SUMMA. By Walter Farrell. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1938-1942. 4 vols. $3.75 each.

22. RANSOMING THE TIME. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by Harry Lorin Binsse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 322 pp. $3.

23. CHRISTIAN CRISIS. By Michael de la Bedoyere. New York: Macmillan. 1942. 210 pp. $1.75.

24. THE CATHOLIC PATTERN. By Thomas Woodlock. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1942. 201 pp. $2.

25. CHARLES PÉGUY: BASIC VERITIES Translated by Anne and Julian Green. New York. Pantheon Books. 1943. 277 pp., and index. $2.75.

26. RAINER MARIA RILKE POEMS. Translated by Jessie Lemont. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 185 pp. $3.

27. POEMS. By Charles L. O'Donnell. Notre Dame University Press. 1943. $2.

History's Biggest Best-Seller

THE STORY OF THE BIBLE PEOPLE. By Muriel Streibert Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 118 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MURIEL STREIBERT CURTIS, Professor of Biblical History at Wellesley College, has done a real service for parents in preparing this collection of tales from the Bible in a form which will entertain young readers, or hearers, while giving them a thorough basis for later appreciation of the book of books. The suggested age group is nine to fourteen but the boundaries may well be extended both ways as the stories have intrinsic interest for those older and a simplicity that makes them understandable to any child who has reached the tell-me-a-story age.

The pageantry of the Old Testament furnishes rich material for tale-telling with the individual heroes to highlight the great mass movements, with the clang of battle alternating with the quiet recordings of contemplative withdrawals, and the moral precepts vivified by personal episodes. The stories are necessarily "gentled" a little for young comprehension and pleasure but there is no falsification and very little editorial comment.

The story of the boyhood of Jesus, his quiet days and humble occupations is filled with detail which will especially appeal to readers of comparable age. The ethical teaching is admirably simplified—how well it is adapted to simplest exposition—and the parables hold their own in sheer good story merit, as always.

The author says of her book, "Nobody in these stories forgets God for very long. Nobody can read the stories without thinking about God." And it is true that throughout the work the sense of God's presence and concern for his people is evident even when those people are turning temporarily to very ungodlike activities.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Tiny Tim Cratchit, in "A Christmas Carol."
2. Oliver Twist, in "Oliver Twist."
3. Little Nell Trent, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."
4. David Copperfield, in "David Copperfield."
5. Joe, the fat boy, in "Pickwick Papers."
6. The Marchioness, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."
7. The little Kenwigs, in "Nicholas Nickleby."
8. Paul Dombey, in "Dombey & Son."
9. Pip, in "Great Expectations."
10. Ninnetta Crummles, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

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Nature in Human Experience

THE GARMENT OF GOD. By John C. Merriam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 162 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by JOSEPH J. REILLY

THE author of this book is President Emeritus of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D.C., a distinguished paleontologist and, as evidenced here, a devotee of Bryant, Shelley, and Wordsworth. Darwin lamented that his exclusive devotion to science brought about an atrophy of his powers of poetic appreciation but Dr. Merriam knows, loves, and quotes half a dozen poets, English and American. And it is to Goethe that he turns for an apt and poetic phrase as the title of his recent book.

A lifetime devoted to paleontology, the advancement of science in general, and to education, has led him to this exposition of the influence of nature in human experience. He is convinced that companionship with nature will have enormous benefits for the individual and for the race, for it will give men a broader, deeper, and clearer view of the world about them, an improved understanding of history and of the advance of mankind. With this in mind, he definitely seeks to inculcate in his readers a love of nature, but means by that phrase nothing that is limited to a carefully tended garden in one's yard but activities which outstrip the purely physical and pass on through the esthetic, intellectual, scientific, philosophical, and religious. This appreciation may be based on purely personal experience or on "something arising from the cultural history of our ancestors."

Realizing that the popular concept of nature is vague and limited, Dr. Merriam proceeds to indicate in a highly effective and concrete way how enormously its boundaries have widened until the wonders of time and space stagger the imagination, how infinitely beyond centuries past is the bulk of information which chemistry and physics have yielded, and how the advances in biology in the light of a century ago seem almost a miracle. "In this enlarged plan man is no longer an isolated element living for himself alone. He may with assurance be guided by faith in the integrity and continuity of the past."

With an awareness reminiscent of Wordsworth's and a style whose glow recalls Ruskin's, Dr. Merriam describes a variety of natural phenomena as they stand in famous settings, among them Wordsworth's late region, Crate Lake, and the Redwoods of California, noting with a poet's pen the wonder, beauty, and cosmic significance which his scientist's eyes perceive and skilfully suggesting that the inspiration and sense of power he experiences are open to us all. Such influences, Dr. Merriam holds, need not be ephemeral but can and, wisely fostered, will open the way to a spiritually and intellectually richer life for the individual and the race.

As a scientist Dr. Merriam declines to let imagination and hope outrun his realization of the importance of fact: he insists that the individual who is to be permanently influenced by nature must come into intellectual and spiritual contact with it and must have those basic convictions which we call a philosophy of life. About the race and the perilous situation in which it stands he is deeply troubled. "Either civilization will collapse," he says, "or we must discover the formulae necessary for establishing such an understanding among nations as will permit continuity in peace and in constructive effort." To this second alternative he devotes a brief but stimulating chapter. He points out that in spite of racial differences we all face the same world and the need of adjusting our lives to laws and conditions which operate consistently over the whole region. Let us then have coöperative scientific investigations in which all nations shall take part; joint efforts in the field of art to widen the range of human interests and to clarify the means by which different peoples seek to heighten their enjoyment of nature. Such studies, if kept coöperative, can readily broaden out into fields which are "more specifically economic, or social, or governmental, or perhaps even religious" with beneficent results of which tolerance and an increased sense of responsibility are not all.

It is in his final chapter that Dr. Merriam considers a question which is implicit in much that went before: does some Force, Power, or Intelligence dwell behind the scenes, controlling nature? Dr. Merriam tends to accept the idea that whatever power is represented in the continuity which has characterized the world thus far "will maintain itself, making the world a place that will be ever new, and vital, and hopeful." If, he adds, this power is God, nature is "in a measure his living mantle."

This is a revealing and thought-provoking book which looks backward to the abysm of time and forward toward a better world. It has much to say even to those who may not be content to see in the universe only "the shadow of some spirit lovelier still."

Joseph J. Reilly is Librarian and Professor of English at Hunter College.

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Mysticism and Religion

NEW EYES FOR INVISIBLES. By Rufus M. Jones. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 185 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DAVID E. ROBERTS

MANY books about mysticism are either by mystics who are not critical or by critics who are not mystical. Through a long and fruitful life of writing and teaching, Dr. Rufus Jones of Haverford College has combined the first-hand practice of mystical religion with a critical appraisal of it in the light of psychological, historical, and philosophical inquiry.

His most recent book, "New Eyes for Invisibles," contains a series of meditations, miniature sermons, essays, and addresses which might be described as "variations upon a familiar theme." The theme is that of positive mysticism, where cultivation of the inner life accompanies vigorous ethical action, where Quaker silence issues in eloquent preaching, and where the pathway toward an ineffable goal is marked by homely, everyday guideposts. Moreover, the familiarity of the theme does not detract from the freshness of these new variations which Dr. Jones offers. He has few foes; but to the fettered imagination, the divisive dogma, and the feeble expectation he gives no quarter. In a time of darkness, when men everywhere are without a clear sense of direction or support, no half-measures will do. And in the author's opinion, anything which stops short of constantly renewed communion with the divine source of serenity, freedom, and ethical power in human life, is a half-measure. One of his main contentions is that we often fail to find satisfying answers to the most urgent spiritual answers because we are looking for additional information instead of for the personal reorientation which we need. We cannot arrive at more adequate theories concerning God and man except by embodying gracious power and enhanced human values in our own lives.

Such a brief, prosaic summary may mislead a reader, especially a hard-boiled, jaded, or desperate one, into thinking that the book is vague and sentimental. It is not. Some of the social evils of our time are more insuperable than Dr. Jones admits; and his interpretations of the Bible and of Christianity have to leave aside much that will not fit into a mystical mould. Nevertheless, the major portion of what he has to say is so wisely and sincerely uttered that it will enter persuasively into the texture of anyone's reflection, once the author's earnestness is met half-way. Indeed, his method leaves one free to carry each theme farther, and his aim is the awakening of spiritual imagination rather than the inculcation of doctrine. For example, he begins with a story about a little boy whose loaves and fishes fed a multitude; and within the space of four pages "the unexpected surplus" has become the focal center of an entire interpretation of life. The unearned bounties of crops, and beauty, and human generosity are recognized anew; the graciousness of God is discerned in the way in which we seek one thing and receive something unimaginably better instead; and the principle expands until it becomes an intimation of eternal life. One need not be mystical, nor even formally religious, to have his mind quickened and his heart fortified by such a volume.

David E. Roberts is Associate Professor of the Philosophy of Religion at Union Theological Seminary.

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A Treasury of Catholicism

THE WORLD'S GREAT CATHOLIC LITERATURE. Edited by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 441 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

TO present an anthology of Catholic world literature as a whole is a gigantic venture. President Shuster has done an admirable job. The volume which owes its existence to a scholarship that only can be envied is indeed, as William Lyon Phelps puts it in a very personal introduction, "a library extended over nearly two thousand years." It is something of a complete *theatrum mundi.*

It includes "saints and sinners," and, perhaps, the best quality of it is that the Catholicism as shown by the two hundred-odd authors has as many different mediums and facets as human life itself in its profusion of action and thought. Stern believers and even zealots share the space with others who, in their days, only hesitatingly approached what often seemed dogmatic clericalism and intolerance. The learned Doctors of the Middle Ages and "political" popes have their say side by side with simple souls such as Thérèse de Lisieux, the "Little Flower," or that Father Damien de Veuster who chose to live among lepers only to become one of them.

The wealth of wisdom and genius as displayed by this collection can be expected to satisfy devout Catholics, church-going non-Catholics, the indifferent and the skeptics. The included number of converts and agnostics who found their way to Damascus is remarkable. There are, to be sure, some conspicuous absentees: Joseph de Maistre is not present, though his chèf-d'œuvre "Du Pape" could have furnished a few surprisingly interesting extracts, the "dangerous" Malebranche would have been worth quoting, and so would, perhaps, the German ultramontanist Wilhelm Molitor. But ranging from the Nativity as told by St. Luke down to a lucid piece by G. K. Chesterton on Christian happiness, the volume obviously had to be subject to a certain choice. Lack of space may also account for the fact that, in some respects, it is more a reference book than an anthology. Basically, or better, in its effect upon the reader, it is one great splendid tribute to the spiritual forces of mankind. "The works of genius," so the late Bishop Spalding wrote, "never grow obsolete, but flourish from generation to generation, bearing fresh flowers and rich fruit; and as no truth is exactly the same for any two minds, so is truth modified to suit the changing environment in which the race lives, now emerging with diviner power, and now obscured by the passions or the heedlessness of the age."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 470)

STEPHEN V. BENÉT:
*A CHILD IS BORN**

Life is not lost by dying! Life is lost
Minute by minute, day by dragging day,
In all the thousand, small, uncaring ways,
The smooth appeasing compromises of time. . . .
. . . . . Life can be
Lost without vision but not lost by death,
Lost by not caring. . . .

*A Christmas Miracle Verse Play printed in the *SRL*, Dec. 26, by special arrangement with the radio program, Cavalcade of America, which presented the play Dec. 21, 1942, with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the starring roles. Homer Fichett was the producer.

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Just Before the Battle, Mother

What the Well-Read Soldier Will Read

MARY IRWIN

THE Marine at a South Pacific post who was recently quoted by Secretary Knox as saying "I pray like hell every damn night" showed that he acts—if not speaks—according to the pattern established for Christian soldiers by General Oliver Cromwell more than three hundred years ago. That great psalm-singing warrior would have joined in the Marine's prayers, would have given him a special "Souldier's Bible" prepared for his comfort and encouragement—and would have fined him twelvepence for his language. For Cromwell, so well-authenticated tradition says, saw to it that every man in his army had a pocket Bible. How large his army was no one knows. A historian of that era believes not more than 85,000 men were in the field at any one time; but it was a long war, and in all there must have been hundreds of thousands of men engaged, and, presumably, hundreds of thousands of Bibles in circulation during the years of the English Civil Wars.

Only three of these pocket Bibles have been discovered—Cromwell's "Souldier's Pocket Bible," printed in London in 1643. One is in the British Museum, one in the Lenox Collection of the New York Public Library, and one in the Huntington Library. It is a book of only 16 pages, 4½ x 7 inches, said to have been worn over the heart, between the coat and waistcoat. It contains selections designed to equip a "Souldier to fight the Lords Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight." All the passages except a very few are from the Old Testament, and they are grouped under headings—precepts for the further building of morale, such as "A Souldier must not doe wickedly," "A Souldier must pray before he goe to fight," and, preparing them for the worst, "A Souldier must consider that sometimes Gods people have the wirst in battell as well as Gods enemies."

Although the King James Version had been the "authorized" version since 1611, the Geneva Bible (1st edition 1560) is the text used for the Cromwell pocket Bible—the Geneva Bible continued to be favored by Puritans and Independents, because it was a Puritan translation, and also because it usually omitted the somewhat scandalous Apocrypha. Cromwell was an Independent (from which group stems the modern Congregationalist Church). Deeply religious, but amazingly tolerant for his time, "Cromwell insisted that his men be religious," George Livermore says, "while he left the particular form of religion to their own choice."

When Cromwell assumed command, he found the Parliamentary army little more than an undisciplined mob. He built up a great army for those times—and perhaps the best disciplined army the world has ever known in any times. Sir John Fortescue, his biographer, says, "It is from Cromwell that we derive the origin of our modern military discipline and especially the great tradition that an army marching through a country must take nothing without payment." It was an army that would march through an orchard and never pick an apple. History gives the credit to Cromwell, Cromwell would very likely give the credit to God, speaking to his men through the "Souldier's Pocket Bible."

It was George Livermore of Cambridgeport, Mass., who in 1854 first discovered an original of the Cromwell Bible—discovered it, in fact, in his own library. The existence of such a Bible had been forgotten for about a century and a half. His discovery led, however, to a search of between thirty and forty thousand pamphlets of the English Civil War period in the British Museum, among which another copy of the Cromwell Bible was found.

(*Continued on page* 30)

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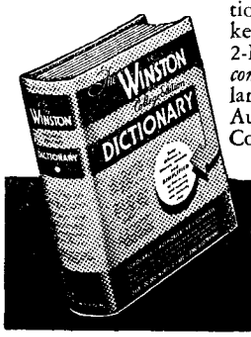

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Poetry in the Age of Johnson

RELIGIOUS TRENDS IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Volume II: 1740-1780. *Religious Sentimentalism in the Age of Johnson. New York: Columbia University Press.* 1942. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

PROFESSOR FAIRCHILD'S former volume, the first of this series of important studies, dealt with the response of English poets to currents of religious thought and feeling from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the year 1740. *The Saturday Review of Literature,* at the time of the book's publication, commented upon its being "invaluable as a reference work." Its chief conclusion, restated in the opening chapter of the present volume, as exhibited in the poems of the 128 poets studied, was that during the first forty years of the century "irreligion goes down; orthodox Christianity goes down; sentimentalism comes up." The factors favorable to this rise of sentimentalism were established as being sympathy with the ideals of the middle class, Whiggery in politics, and Puritanism in religion. The present volume employs a similar inductive manner, examining many poets one by one, but providing somewhat more background than Volume I. "Interpretative discussion is distributed more evenly through the text."

The book begins with the decay of rationalism, furnishes an interesting chapter on wits and scoffers, discusses poets in relation to the evangelical movement, the "Saints" of Methodism and their foes, and provides an analysis of the religious expression of Edward Young of the "Night Thoughts," John Byron (famous for his "God bless the King—I mean the Faith's Defender—etc."), the great and mad Kit Smart, and the remarkable William Cowper. Then come the "Sentimental Christians" and the "Christian Sentimentalists" ("one cannot run a surveyor's transit between the two groups") followed by sentimentalists ordinary and esthetic, and completed with a final summing-up chapter.

We find that, as to religion in poetry, the Age of Johnson "is like a wide sluggish stretch in a river—brimful of tepid water and teeming with vegetation, but not advancing rapidly and powerfully toward the sea," and that it "intellectually sluggish as a whole, becomes if anything more sluggish toward its close. . . . The poetry of the period gives an impression of feebleness and uncertainty. It is feeding upon its own soft notions rather than upon the actual stuff of life."

Though Professor Fairchild has waded through a great lake of tepid water, in the way of little-known poetry of the time, he has charted certain currents. I should like to call attention to a little of the "vegetation"!

It was worth unearthing Horace Walpole's "delicious burlesque of the Judgment Day convention in funeral poetry," in a poem on bullfinches:

> But when the last shrill flageolet shall sound,
> And raise all dickybirds from holy ground,
> His little corpse again its wings shall plume,
> And sing eternally the self-same tune,
> From everlasting night to everlasting noon.

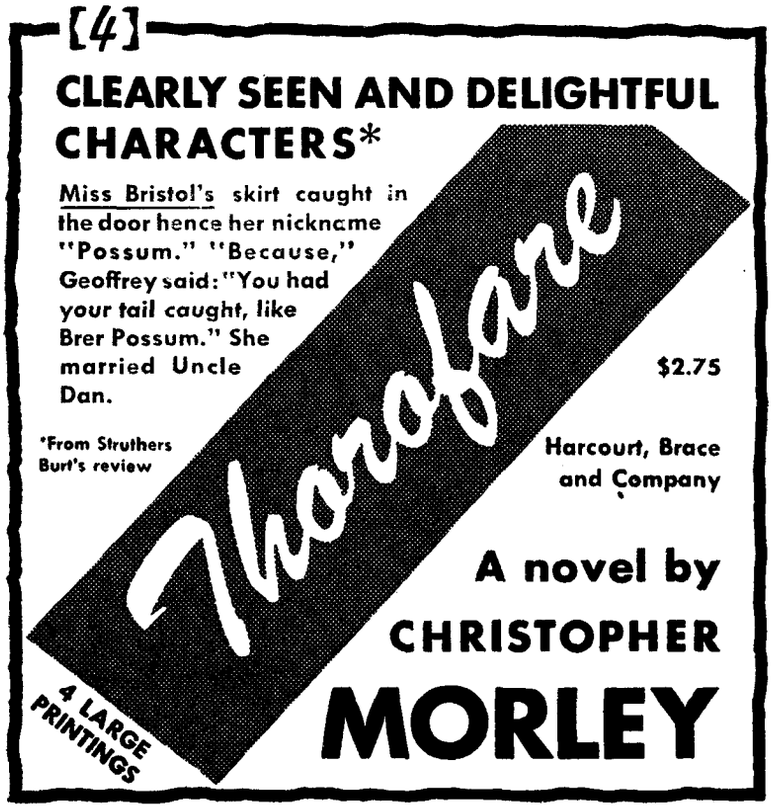
Leaving wits and scoffers, of whom the greatest was Charles Churchill, later on I chance upon Anne Steele, who was "the best purely devotional poet of her sex in the 1740-1780 period, as she is the all-time champion Baptist hymn writer of either sex." She does not, however, fascinate me as greatly as that sentimental Christian, that "injur'd and oppress'd female," Mrs. Catherine Jemmat, who was "badly treated by her "bashaw" of a father (Admiral Yeo), her stepmother, her half-brother, her "monster" husband (now happily dead), and a miscellaneous host of slanderers. . . . She rejected a wealthy suitor at least partly because he was a Presbyterian"; and her "Memoirs" (1762) present a "conceited, self-pitying, and spiteful autobiography." It also entertained me to find that Young's "Night Thoughts" had inspired not only "The Vindication; or Day-Thoughts on Wisdom and Goodness" but also "The Relief, or, Day Thoughts: A Poem. Occasioned by The Complaint, or Night Thoughts," in which a bricklayer's apprentice, Henry Jones, cogently inquired:

> Why all this solemn apparatus? why?
> Why all this din about a worm's concerns?

Another blossom I would cull, concerns a poem by one Abraham Portal (fl.1790), who was first a goldsmith, then a bookseller, finally a box-keeper at Drury Lane, and wrote, among other things, the tale of one Honorio, a rich but virtuous squire. "In a summer house on his estate he finds a fair maiden, asleep. The wind lifts the soft drapery from her bosom. Inflamed, he meditates liberties. But Heaven arouses his better nature, and he is shocked at his moment of weakness:

> With that his cloak upon the slumb'ring nymph
> Gently he laid. each soft temptation from
> His greedy eye close covering."

It will be seen that Professor Fairchild has not sacrificed the humors of his subject! But this volume as a whole is an erudite and scholarly work which discusses the greater poets like Smart, Cowper, and Collins with as much acumen as it does the lesser examples. The author anticipates that the third volume of the series may take him as much as six or seven years. My only objection to "Religious Trends" is that each volume costs five dollars.


[4]
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The Crostics Club

THANK you, W. J. K., Cleveland, for samples of Ted Robinson's column. From some he himself sent me, in the modest belief that no one else would, I share the rhyme of a book reviewer on his "busman's holiday":

So when he gets a holiday,
The jaded critic steals away
From junk and punk and mush and hash
And all the fresh Best Selling Trash,
And, hidden in a musty nook,
With joyful heart, he reads a Book!

and this:

In his preface to "Montreal" Stephen Leacock, after giving credit to sources and individuals, has this to say: "Acknowledging all these debts, I feel also that I owe a great deal of credit of this book to my own industry and effort."

I hope that Miss J. M. Fosdick, Indianapolis, who, in writing to Richardson Wright in appreciation of his Garden issue, includes the solution of our DC from Kipling (as a revelation to her that Kipling ever got beyond India and English troops) will read the whole poem. The limits of my puzzle prevented me from choosing a stanza I liked better. That poem is one of the emotional surprises I can always find in Kipling.

Luna Converse, long a booster of Vermont as an ideal winter resort, has been struggling bravely with DCs by a wood-burning stove in the *kitchen* of her old brick colonial house in Woodstock. Although she hasn't been able to play her piano since November, she has had a merry time playing with her cats, one an "all-white point-sized ursa polaris."

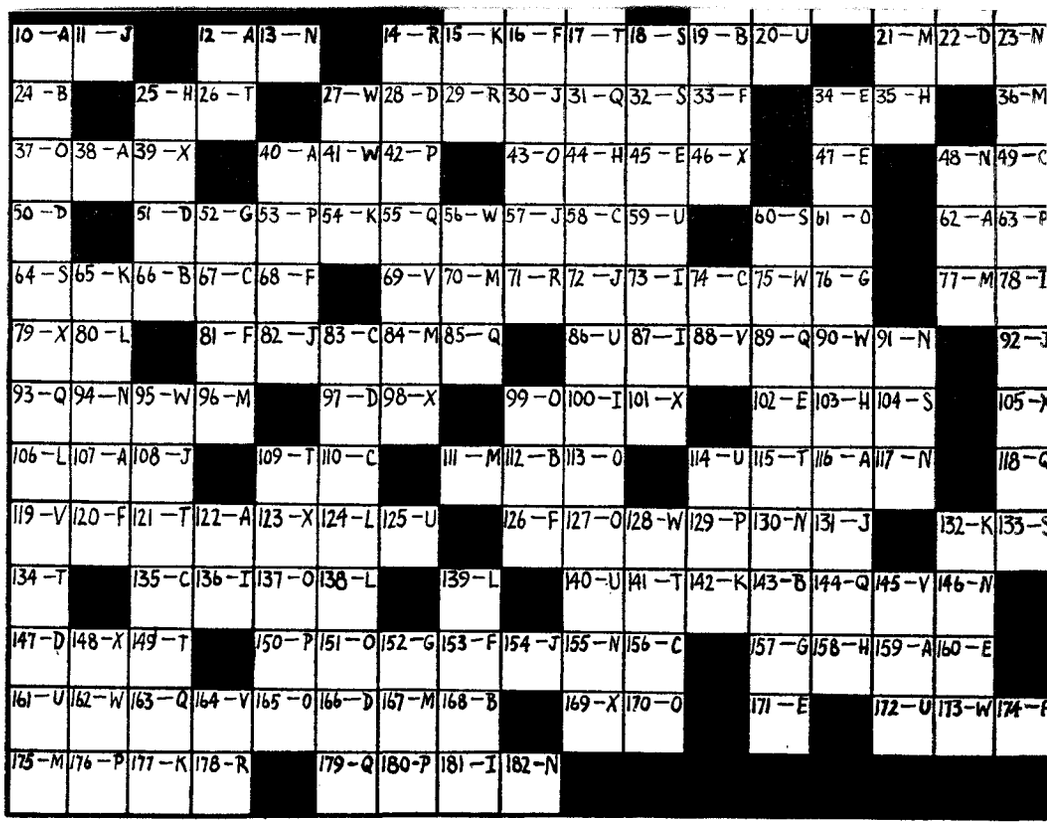
Dr. Eugene Lyman, Union Theological, retired, gave his wife, Dean of Sweet Briar College, a copy of Edith Hamilton's "Mythology" for Xmas, and she retaliated in kind with the new Webster's "Dictionary of Synonyms," with a poem which reads in part:

But we who work Double-Crostics
And wrestle with E. S. K.'s boss tricks
Have a need for a knowledge of Myth.
If the call is for deities Norse,
Or Greek, or Egyptian or worse,
Why turn to this volume forthwith.

A footnote adds that there is something of myth in the poem in view of the more limited scope of the book.

Among the families, like the Lymans, who used to do the DCs as a weekly rite were the Wallace Boydens of Newtonville, Mass. Mr. Boyden, retired Headmaster of Boston Teachers' College, his gentle, fascinatingly quick-witted wife, and their daughter Alice, social-educational worker. Mr. Boyden has gone, but Mrs. Boyden, an octogenarian, still enjoys *SRL*. I can still savor those luscious lobster salads on Cape Anne where our acquaintance and their car led us!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 471

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Famous social and debating society founded by Franklin (1727).

B. U. S. Territory subject of Boundary dispute (1849).

C. To careen—a ship (naut.—2 wds.)

D. Author of "Forty Years of American Life" (1864).

E. A Sanskrit language and literature of western India.

F. Capital of a west European country.

G. Mutiny in India vs. the British (1857-8).

H. The original name of Joshua.

I. Mother of Phrixos (Gr. Myth.)

J. Marked with blemishes or dots.

K. To make more refined, tenuous, etc.

L. Spanish explorer, Governor of Texas region (1598-1608).

M. One receiving undivided attention or regard (2 wds.)

N. Volume by Woodrow Wilson (with *The*—1913).

O. One of two unfinished works by Henry James (with *The*).

P. Artlessness.

Q. State of being dull and lumpish.

R. Eskimo house or hut.

S. Common in a given geological formation (Paleontol.)

T. Cleaving readily or distinctly (Mineral.)

U. Animated; brisk.

V. Harangues (vb.) (humorous).

W. Abject; downtrodden.

X. A station for gondolas; a ferry (It.)

WORDS

40 116 122 38 12 10 107 159 62

112 168 24 143 66 19

2 110 49 83 74 156 57 135 58

97 166 51 147 22 28 50

34 171 160 45 1 102 47

126 174 81 16 9 120 33 153 88

76 152 8 52 157

158 25 44 35 103

100 3 73 136 78 181 87

92 57 131 72 30 11 154 82 108

142 177 65 15 54 132

106 138 139 124 80

36 21 167 70 84 96 111 175 77

146 91 48 13 117 182 155 130 94 23

37 127 170 165 61 43 99 113 137 151

53 180 129 176 63 150 42

179 163 93 31 89 55 85 144 118 7

71 14 178 8 29

104 32 60 133 18 64

121 134 17 115 109 26 141 149

140 4 172 161 20 125 59 86 114

145 5 88 119 164 69

90 162 56 173 75 27 41 128 95

169 79 148 123 39 101 46 105 98

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JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

(*Continued from page 27*)

Later other unknown soldier's Bibles came to light.

The next oldest was "The Cavalier Soldier's Vade-Mecum" (literally "Go with me") or "Constant Companion." This is a soldier's prayer book of about thirty pages, dated 1648, and used in the Royalist Army. The frontispiece is a woodcut of the royal coat-of-arms, and the title page indicates it was "Published by His Highnesse Command." Edward Almack of London discovered the only known copy of this prayerbook, and published a facsimile edition in 1890.

It contains prayers for specific war needs, from the very general "Prayer for the King" to "A Prayer for a place besieged," and "A Prayer before the Battle." In connection with the last, in his introduction, Almack quotes another very different prayer "of that brave old Cavalier, Sir Jacob Astley: 'Oh, Lord! Thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me. March on, boys!' "

In date, the next soldier's Bible known is "The Christian Soldier's Penny Bible," published in 1693. It was used during the Wars of William and Mary. It contains only fourteen pages of selections—mostly the same as the Cromwell Bible, but the text is that of the Authorized Version of 1611.

The only major English-speaking war fought between Cromwell's time and World War II in which there seems to have been no distribution of pocket Bibles to soldiers is the American Revolution. This was not due to any lack of concern over the spiritual welfare of the army, but because of a great shortage of Bibles in the colonies. No Bibles in English had ever been printed in America up to that time; upon the outbreak of the war importations stopped. In 1777 a Committee appointed by the Continental Congress reported that it would cost £10,272:10s. to import the type required for setting an entire edition of the Bible and striking off 30,000 copies. Congress did not think it expedient to authorize so large an expenditure, but did pass a Resolution directing "said Committee to import 20,000 copies of the Bible" from Holland, Scotland, or elsewhere. The matter was, however, put over "until Saturday next," and Saturday never came. Nor did the 20,000 Bibles.

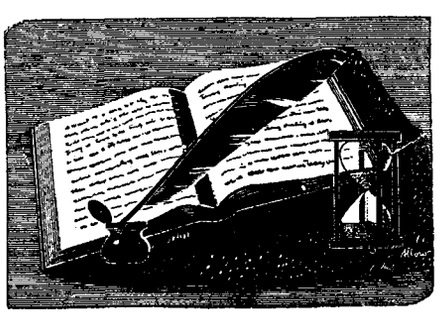
In the same year, however, Robert Aitken, printer, book-binder, and book-dealer of Philadelphia, issued a New Testament—the first printed in English in America. The paper for it was made in Pennsylvania. Its page size is 3½ x 6. Thirty-two copies are known to be in existence, all but two of which are owned in this country. Congress warmly commended Mr. Aitken's "pious and laudable undertaking" but declined to subsidize it. In all, Aitken printed four editions of the New Testament between 1777 and 1781, all probably in small quantities and at a financial loss. An edition of the whole Bible, printed in 1782 and bearing the official "recommendation" of Congress, is known as "The Bible of the Revolution."

Presumably the question of supplying Bibles to the soldiers came up a little too late for there is a letter is existence, in George Washington's handwriting, dated "Headquarters, June 11, 1783" to a Doctr. Rodgers, accepting the Doctor's "kind Congratulations on the happy Event of Peace, with the Establishment of our Liberties & Independence."

Livermore's discovery in 1854 of the Cromwell pocket Bible inspired its publication in type facsimile in 1861. This was a limited edition of one hundred copies, printed for private distribution. Almost immediately, however, the American Tract Society issued an unlimited edition for distribution to soldiers in the Union Army. A letter dated Boston, Mass., Oct. 23, 1861, from Livermore to Francis Fry of London (who issued a facsimile edition of the Cromwell Bible shortly after the Livermore facsimile was issued in America), says "Not less than five distinct editions have been issued here since the Slaveholders' rebellion broke out in this country. The first American issue for our army consisted of 20,000 copies, and I presume 50,000 or more have already been circulated."

The Bible Society of the Confederate States issued a pocket New Testament printed at Augusta, Ga., 1862. This is the first genuinely "pocket size" edition of the New Testament for war use—2¾ x 5 inches.

Previous to the Boer War, Viscount Wolseley sponsored another facsimile of the Cromwell Bible (1894), and in the Spanish-American War (1898) the Cromwell facsimile was again reprinted, using the modernized King James Text, but retaining the original 1643 title page. An identification page was added in the front for the soldier's NAME, REGIMENT, COMPANY.



In 1917, the Cromwell Bible was again reprinted, in the original somewhat awkward size, hardly small enough for the pocket, and certainly not wearable between "coat and waistcoat" of 1917 uniforms, as originally intended. In the 1917 edition there is a frontispiece reproducing in handwriting the following:

Sagamore Hill, June 1st, 1917
This is worth reading
comrade and friend
Theodore Roosevelt

This edition also contains the identification page in front.

There was, however, another pocket Bible, 3 x 5 inches, distributed in the First World War by the American Bible Society. This was a complete New Testament, and had the official endorsement of Woodrow Wilson. Almost two million copies were put into circulation, not counting a special edition of 1,000,000 supplied by the American Bible Society for distribution through the Y.M.C.A. The American Bible Society, in coöperation with the Foreign Bible Society, distributed Testaments in 81 different languages during the First World War.

Several different agencies have been most active in distributing pocket Bibles and New Testaments during the present war, and only highlights concerning the two largest distributors can be mentioned here. The American Bible Society reports that it distributed 1,791,967 copies from January 1, 1940, to March 1, 1943. Their plans for the future cannot be estimated since they depend upon the length of the war. One of the most recent undertakings is the furnishing of 20,000 New Testaments in waterproof envelopes to be placed with rations and first-aid supplies as required equipment of all life-rafts in the merchant marine. The Association Press (Y.M.C.A. publishing house) has already supplied the U.S.O. with 100,000 New Testaments in the Goodspeed American translation—the only standard modern translation available in a pocket edition—and has ordered another 150,000 copies. Other agencies, countless churches, mothers, fathers, aunts, cousins, sweethearts are giving Bibles and Testaments to their boys in the armed forces. We follow Cromwell's example. He was a religious man and a successful soldier.

The above article was written around the current exhibit of soldiers' Bibles at the Divinity School library, the University of Chicago. The exhibit was arranged by Professor Harold R. Willoughby of the University of Chicago from rare items in his personal collection and from the University libraries. The data for the article also came largely from Mr. Willoughby.

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PERSONALS

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HAVING DINNER with F.P.A. one night last week, I spied across the room a man with eagles on his shoulder and excused myself to Frank, went over to exchange a few words with the officer. Says the Colonel: "I have been watching you this afternoon and envy your life here. I saw you talking to John Erskine, van Loon, Mencken, Benchley, not to mention any number of beautiful women. Do you appreciate your blessings?" "Indeed, I do, Colonel, and am grateful." Returning to my table and to my guest, I report: "The Colonel thinks I lead an ideal, even an ecstatic existence." "Huh," says Frank, "I suppose he thinks you have dinner with me every night."

Well, that's the way things go at the Algonquin and money isn't everything. But it is close to it and this adv. is baited with the intent of getting you to come here and bring some money with you.

Chorus

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PERSONALS

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